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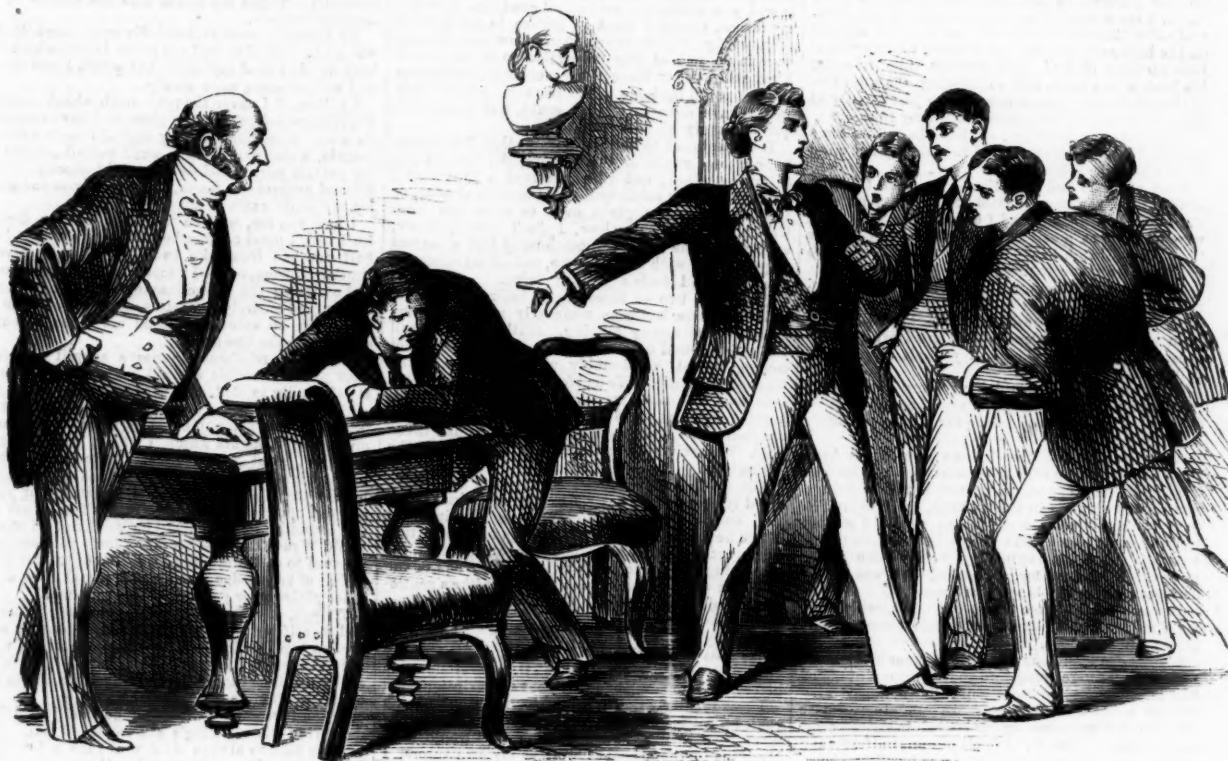
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[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[THE GUILTY.]

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER III.

Now Autumn returns—but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are down.

AFTER my recovery I was appointed fag to another fifth-form master, and he was kind enough to me, requiring nothing more than the ordinary duties at his breakfast and tea times, and dispensing even with my constant attendance on those occasions, as long as I and the other two who were with me could arrange among ourselves or with the maids that everything should be on his table, right and ready for him, as he required it.

So with that great gulf between us which exists at Eton between an upper and a fourth-form boy, there was no reason there should ever have been any further communication between Gorles and myself.

We never exchanged a word or were even in the same room together, except at dinner or supper, and on those occasions there was the whole length of a long table between our places; yet I somehow always felt and knew that he was constantly watching me. He evidently was aware of and enjoyed the horror and terror he inspired. Without knowing the cause, I have again and again suddenly felt a cold shiver come over me, and, on looking round, have caught the glance of his sinister grey eyes, as he would turn from me with a satanical grin; and resist it as often as I tried and determined to do, and although, as I have just said, he next to never exchanged a word, I have felt myself compelled involuntarily to follow him, aye, even on occasions to fag for him; in such a way, for instance, as in

securing a fives' wall, which he has immediately come upon, and by superior right taken from me; after chapel, carrying a wrong bat down to the playing fields by mistake for some other fellow's, and then find that Gorles had just been wishing for it; and so on many other like occasions, accidentally as it were, serving him without his ever having had the trouble even of sending me or telling me his wants.

On more than one occasion, incredible as it must seem, and though I was never, as a child, before that time addicted to somnambulism, I have awakened suddenly, finding that I had in my sleep actually walked into Gorles' room, at three or four o'clock in the morning, having only roused myself in time to escape, as I thought, before he should recognise me: and afterwards heard that he has casually stated that if he had not accidentally been roused at some particularly early hour he should never have got through his verses or other schoolwork which he had left to the chance of waking early enough in the morning to finish. Specially antipathic as he and I were, if I may say so, with this strange unaccountable sympathy thus existing between us, Gorles was generally disliked by all the rest of my tutor's fellows.

All had a kind of dread and seemed afraid of personally offending him. Among the upper boys of his own standing he had no real friends, and but little association. While as to the lower boys, he bullied, fagged them about right and left, and licked all those he could without mercy. As I myself in the course of time worked my way up to the higher forms in the school, and out of the regions of fagging, I always kept entirely aloof from him, except sometimes when I could not help interfering on behalf of some little wretch whom he was more than ordinarily tormenting.

But for that I was sure to pay the penalty, somehow or other; for the mysterious influence was

always over me, and I may safely say that of all the hundreds of scrapes I was in, and in every single row, I could always trace the immediate cause to Gorles, more or less, though very often quite apparently indirectly, and as if by mere accidental coincidence.

Twice, as you may have heard, I was as near as possible drowned; the first time I was learning to scull, before I could swim—"paping" was not instituted in those days, you know, before that poor fellow was run down by the bargeman—my boat was all of a sudden caught and capsize by the rope of an empty punt, left swinging to an oar stump by Gorles, who had gone to bathe further up the river. Again, after that, when I had acquired that necessary art, I was suddenly seized with the cramp while swimming at the weir, and picked up insensible, not apparently worth picking out—as near a shave that time as anything, except an unowned cat, ever lived through to look back upon.

It is true I had no business to be at that place at all, but there would have been no danger if the proper waterman had been at his post; but I am hanged if it was not Gorles again who had called him away to hunt for cray-fish, out of sight and ear-shot till almost too late.

As soon as I was well again, I was complained of and flogged for bathing where I had no right to go; not, as the Doctor explained to my remonstrances, for having the cramp, but for an example.

Nor was that the only time by many, more often than I can now count up, that I caught it through Gorles, but without exception always somehow or other connected with him.

Then, one race-week, when a lot of us ran right against Harry Dupois as we were coming out of the theatre, all bolted and escaped except myself, who, rushing up a passage, tumbled clean over something, which at the moment came bowling out against me,



and so I was nailed. I at first fancied it was a big dog and began to look out for my legs; but when I had picked myself up, what should it be sprawling under me, and crushed out of all shape, but my "bete noire," positively spitting with rage; though as I got another rattling switching, I thought I was the most aggrieved in the collision of the two.

Accused through him of talking in chapel, both times unjustly,—I was merely asking some question about the anthem, or what the day of the month was for the psalms,—as bad luck would have it Billy Carter's eye was right on me, attracted by a demoniacal noise like an engine signal: Gorles again, who sat on the high seats behind me, blowing that abominable turn-up nose of his! And another time dropping his book with a bang, and so bringing the attention of the whole chapel upon our quarter just exactly at the only moment I happened to open my lips.

It was always the same; so that I had quite come to regard it as my destiny, and to make up my mind to bear it philosophically.

Even after he had left Eton—you were fresh up at that time, you know, Little one, but may perhaps remember how Snaffles and I caught it so again, and were as near as possible expelled for driving the 'bus' from Slough to Fifteen-arch Bridge, when we had the misfortune to upset it.

When the passengers, who were so absurdly indignant, because we raced the rival 'bus,' and so in our anxiety got too near the ditch, were all handling out from behind, I really could hardly believe my own eyes when one came Gorles, if you please, whom I had never noticed get in.

What on earth he could have come down for, I cannot think, as I am quite sure he had left no friends behind who would have cared to see his ugly little face again.

And how any of the fellows ever could have thought of allowing him to be a sinner to a boat on the 4th of June, I cannot imagine; but they did. I was then rowing six in the "Thetis," and, to my disgust, just as we were starting, who should I see but himself, squatting up like an ape, in the stern of our boat, his little eyes twinkling with malice as he wagged his head at me, and asked if it was not an unexpected pleasure to see him there?

It was too late for me to get out of it, which was my first idea; but I knew we should come to some grief; and so we did.

My car snapped short off, for no manner of apparent reason, as we were going into the locks; and at night, the second time we were going down, "hard all" among a blaze of fireworks, we ran plump on to Windsor Bridge, smashing our boat all to smithereens, and so had to swim for it in all our fine uniforms and toggery; and in consequence of the howling, shouting, and terrible bad language (which was entirely our sinner, who was as drunk as Bacchus), all as bad-luck, or rather I should say, Gorles' malign influence, would have it, taking place close under where the present head master, with a large party of ladies, had secured an excellent place for the show, the whole boat's crew were next morning sent up, and severely dealt with as having been guilty of most unseemly language, and of gross intoxication on that festive occasion.

A nice bill we had to pay amongst us for the smashed boat into the bargain, to which Master Gorles, who, our coxswain always swore, had in his drunken frenzy pulled the rudder lines out of his hand, and steered right on to the bridge wilfully, when applied to for a subscription, entirely declined even ever noticing the respectful invitation. That incident, however, so far had the beneficial effect of preventing a recurrence of his visits to Eton or its neighbourhood, at least while I remained there, and I fancy ever since.

Bless you, I could go on to fill whole encyclopedias with the wrongs he has occasioned me.

Did not his evil eye kill my favourite terrier? or, as I always shall believe, he poisoned it; anyhow, he saw it one day at Fisher's yard and wanted to buy it; he said nothing when he was told that it was not for sale, but was my property. The dog was perfectly well that afternoon, but sickened and died that night.

CHAPTER IV.

BUT before he left, there was one special occurrence which, though I left out of its proper place, I may as well tell you, for of course as it was only just before you yourself came up, you may have heard some of the sensation and row it made in my tutor's house. I can hardly even now bear to think of, or mention it; it makes my blood tingle to remember that for a single moment, false as it proved, such a suspicion should ever have been connected with my name. But if that plant had succeeded, as it was intended to do, in branding me with the character of "a Thief," I should have just blown my own brains out. I mean, he as it were, almost

jerked out, as if for very shame at such an idea it still stuck hard in his throat. I mean about that five-pound note that young Ordwell lost.

And in that most flagrant instance of all, though I have told you that it was indolently, and as if accidentally, that Gorles exerted his strange influence against me: the more I think of it, the more I shall always believe that that was as infernal a plot as ever was concocted to ruin another in this world.

The fact is, I was at that time awfully hard up for money; I always was, you know, somehow or other; it was, you might say, my normal condition so to be: my means, though I must in justice to my parents acknowledge, rather above than below the average, were in no sort of way proportionate to my wants. I had asked two or three of my more intimate friends if they could lend me a few pounds. I knew they would have done so if they could, but they were quite as badly off as myself.

It so happened to be just the time that I was crazy to be elected stroke of the Victory, the very height of my ambition; but I had received a hint that I must pay up my subscription and arrears at once, or the car would be given over to some one else. Gorles knew all this; how, I don't exactly know, except that he always intentionally had a perfect acquaintance with all about me, and all my concerns, avoid him as I made a point of doing.

Now some two or three weeks before the time I speak of, there had been some ugly rumours at my tutor's about money making. Little Ordwell had lost a five-pound note out of his pocket. This, of course, caused a miserably uncomfortable feeling through the house. We had for our public character's sake kept it hushed up as much as possible; and, nothing having turned up to show suspicion on any one individual more than another, no one had taken upon themselves to mention the matter to the authorities.

Young Ordwell himself, who owned to having saved it up, out of what he had brought back with him, and his weekly allowance, and having just before he lost it changed his savings from coin into paper, received more than one kick and flicking, for presuming to have so much to lose, at the end of the half as it was, instead of having spent it like a gentleman; indeed, some chose to doubt and disbelieve the fact as improbable, amounting almost to an impossibility.

Well, as I say, this had occurred, and naturally tended to throw a cloud over us all, some little time before my dilemma about my boat subscription.

I was regularly down in the mouth; and having passed a wretched night, at the prospect of losing the much-coveted oar, and the position it would have given me in the school as well as my own tutor, I had just come out from eight o'clock school with the usual "write out and translate" injunction for not having known a single word of my long Horace, when, on entering my own room, I found two letters on my table.

One, I saw at a glance, was from home, which in consequence of my last communication from that quarter, I am now ashamed to say, I did not somehow feel in any very particular hurry to open; that was, I suppose, the reason of my tearing the other envelope first without looking or thinking about where it may have come from.

But what do you think were my feelings when there fell out a five-pound note, crisp and clean?—folded in a sheet of note paper, on which was written in a strange hand:

"THIS from a friend, who knows how much you want it, who will declare himself when you can pay, as he knows you will: pay up your dues to the boat, and ask no question; only on your honour, as a gentleman, you must feel bound to mention this to nobody, but promise to burn the letter and envelope immediately when read."

(Signed)

"N. M."

Who on earth N. M. could be I could not imagine, except the party in the Catechism; but, whoever he was, what a real trump, and what a real godsend this at first sight seemed to be.

Such were my first feelings of wonder, mixed with those of relief and gratitude.

The condition was easily complied with, by throwing the letter behind the fire without a second thought.

In another minute I was rushing off forthwith, to pay up and settle all claims upon me, when, as I flew out of my room, I tumbled right over Gorles, who seemed very much taken aback, as well he might be, for he was in the very act of leaning forward, as if he had been thinking of peeping through my key-hole, though by my sudden rush, arrested in the accomplishment of his desire.

He muttered something indistinctly, whether of abuse or apology I could hardly say; but something

about wishing only to know whether I had received my letters safely; which, considering the terms we were always on, struck me as being somewhat impertinent.

But it was not until, having bowled downstairs three steps at a time, I had arrived at the bottom, that the sudden thought flashed through my mind that there had been something about my evil genius's expression, even more than usual, peculiarly sinister, which thought made me pull up in my impetuosity to have a think, and, to assist that mental operation, I naturally plunged my hands into the depths of my breeches-pockets.

My thoughts were so decidedly unpleasant, that it was quite a relief to find the other letter, which had been driven out of my mind, but which I now opened as I walked along more slowly.

By Jove, if I never thought much about a special Providence before, I began then, and have ever since done so. A cheque from my dear old mother for five pounds, which she said she could well afford me from her private purse, enclosed in eight closely crossed sides of prayers and hopes, and kind advice and gentle lecture about extravagances, and so on.

I had, you see, written to the governor in despair, for I had, I must confess, been rather "going it" that half, and had from him two days before received a similar effusion, only of a more masculine character, and omitting the accompanying mother, which he had begged entirely to decline, and that was, you see, what had so specially caused me to be so out of sorts about the business.

Well, thus reinforced in means as well as spirits, that passing trouble was not very long about being satisfactorily settled, and with the mysterious five still unchanged in my pocket, I returned to my breakfast, revolving many queer thoughts and suspicions in my mind; thoughts which, I think, physiologically speaking, must have somewhat interfered with the proper digestion of that meal, which was no sooner hastily despatched, than quite forgetting, or rather as I did not now mean to avail myself of it, not feeling bound by its accompanying conditions, I went off to old Wyson's room—Socrates, don't you remember, we used to call him—and a good name too, for he was as full of knowledge and sound sense as that or any other philosopher you would like to name.

Though, of course, such a regular old sap, as he was, and myself were not exactly companions, or much thrown together in our ways and amusements, yet we were always fast friends, and I believe few fellows mutually liked each other more than we did, as total opposites often do.

When I went up to his room he had just finished devouring his morning's allowance of jam. Those reading fellows always do devour such a lot of jam and marmalade, and he was, I well remember, for it struck me so particularly, turning "Old Mother Hubbard" into Greek iambs. For fun, he told me! Fancy any one seeing any fun in such an awful idea.

He listened patiently while I told him all my story, and showed him the bank-note I had received. I was quite furious with myself for having been such an idiot to burn the paper and cover in which it had come. I omitted no details, even to the tumbling over Gorles, as I was rushing out of my own door, and the extraordinary good luck by which legitimate means had so opportunely turned up by the very same post, and so saving me from paying away the note, which I certainly should otherwise have done.

I do not think I set forth in so many words all the suspicions that had occurred to me, but somehow I wound up with an extra stress on how something peculiar in Gorles' manner and look had made me glad—I could not say how glad—that I had not in my haste made use of the mysterious gift.

"Rum," slowly and oracularly pronounced Socrates, when he had heard my narrative all through to the end, and then he made a quotation, which I dare say you would know if I could only say it right; something about finking the Danes, when they are "donec ferentes!" anyhow, it was very appropriate, and he wound it up by declaring it again to be most decidedly rum.

"But," continued he, "being, as I am, aware of your inveterate prejudices and feeling against that particular party, I should not, perhaps, think it so very rum as I do, if it did not happen to coincide in a very remarkable manner with a very remarkable speech made by Gorles the other morning, from which, connected with what you now tell me, it requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy that he had some such idea in his head at the time; still, I could scarcely have thought that any fellow could have ever had the fiend-like malice in him to have gone such lengths for the sake of revenge; but, as I say, it certainly is a strange coincidence that, some days ago, Gorles was abusing and inveighing most bitterly against you, for interfering between himself and some small boy he had been bullying; and he then declared, before a lot of us who were standing

round, that he hated you to that degree that he was determined to make the house too hot to hold you, and that he would willingly give five or even ten pounds to do so.

"It was a rum idea, which I remarked particularly, because Jemmy Ryler, who was there, said he thought my tutor would expect more than that, if his intention was to offer to bribe him to expel you; and went on to ask him whether he fancied he was in Italy or Spain, and thought of hiring a bravo to stick you through the back with a stiletto; and so they were going on chaffing him.

"And to tell the truth, he certainly has more than once, not in so many words exactly, seemed to insinuate and make sort of indirect innuendos against yourself in regard to young Ordwell's money.

"There, don't flare up!" old Wyson said, complacently, as he saw me naturally bristling up at this announcement. "No single fellow would for an instant allow the idea; which Gorles had, as I tell you, barely suggested before he was regularly groaned down; but be calm, and let us call in two or three of the leading fellows of the house as witnesses, for in the multitude of councillors, is there not wisdom?—and then I should advise, if they, when they have heard the whole case, agree in thinking of it as I do, that you should go boldly to my tutor and lay the whole matter before him."

So Ryler, Maine, and Sandy Kanniety were summoned to a solemn consultation, and their general verdict was fully in accordance with the sound advice of Socrates.

Except Sandy, who, though he said he quite agreed with the rest, would continue to desire us to "Bide a wee, bide a wee;" ye may, ye know, have grave suspicions which are no facts: so just "bide a wee," while I will keep my weather-eye open, and maybe proofs will drop out." But as it turned out, how truly lucky it was that I had thus at once consulted others, and so established them as witnesses to back me, and prove that it was my own wish and intention of at once inviting investigation on the subject.

That very same day, after dinner, my tutor called us all back to stay, and, with evidently deep feeling and distress of mind, inquired if any boy had, during the half, lost any money, or if we had heard of any unpleasant rumours of money having been missing in his house, for—he went on to say, and I suppose it was my consciousness, not I mean of guilt, but of the shame of having been indirectly hinted at, that made me feel his eye resting particularly on myself—averse as he now felt, and as every gentleman of course would feel, to take notice of any anonymous accusations; yet, in regard to so serious a charge, which affected even himself, as well as everyone else under his roof, he wished to inquire first, as to the fact of money having thus been lost, and if so, had there arisen any reason to attach suspicion to any particular individual. He was only too grieved to say, that a letter he had received by post that morning, tended to convey to him that there was one amongst us (here he looked very hard at myself) who could be satisfactorily proved to have been unable to pay his last subscription, over night, and somehow to have found means to do so in the morning. And then, suddenly turning sharply up, addressing myself, he asked: "Lambard, have you anything to say, or explanation to give, in this matter?"

My blood was, as you may suppose, well up; so feeling that I had the game on my side, I spoke out pretty plainly, without taking much thought as to either my manners or my words. "In the first place, sir," I asked, "does this anonymous letter you allude to dare to mention my name? if not, by what right do you try to turn these suspicions so immediately and especially against me, more than any other? Secondly, I have to say that I beg leave to examine carefully the handwriting of the said letter, to see how far it will agree with one I myself received by the earlier post, but have like an idiot destroyed: and, thirdly, was the number of the note lost by Ordwell 78264? for if so, here it is."

And with what must have appeared to those who had not been behind the scenes, the most astounding effrontery (for all the house knew how "hard up" I had been only the day before), I produced the above numbered note from my pocket and laid it upon the table.

"And now, sir," I continued, "on the authority of that same anonymous letter, on the strength of which you have so publicly, I might almost venture to say, so unjustly, thought fit to throw upon me the suspicion of this disgrace, allow me respectfully to say that I think the call rests with me; and as publicly I beg leave to express my suspicion, and firm conviction, that the writer of that accusation, as well as the trap laid for me this morning, is no other than the person now standing at your own right hand. Look at him," I cried, turning round, "look at him, how he winces before my accusation, all of you fellows, and say which of us looks most

like a thief and a cowardly villain; myself or that fellow Gorles!"

The little wretch was perfectly livid, and seemed crumpled up into half his even natural dwarfish size.

He stammered out something about not standing there to be thus insulted, and rushed out of the room, followed by almost the whole concourse in one universal groan and hoot of shame.

When Ordwell was called back and examined as to the number of the note which he had lost, the young muff had no idea whether the number was 78264 or (how well I remember the order of those figures to this day) not: he had never noticed, he said; so the perfect dénouement of the domestic drama failed, you see, to turn out artistically as it ought to have done.

As to the mysterious note, as of course, Gorles having had time to recover his self-possession, utterly denied any knowledge and claim to it, it was unanimously voted to be given over to Ordwell in the place of the one he had lost; but with a public and strict injunction to spend it like a gentleman and not dare to bottle it.

Out of that loophole my tutor, who, though a good fellow in the main, I shall always think, in that affair, behaved most weakly and unjustly, was too happy, of course, to escape from the scandal of bringing home so atrocious a piece of villainy to the head boy of his own house.

He also laid great stress on the fact of the handwriting of the anonymous letter not being that of Gorles.

As to that, it was like no one's, being evidently disguised and unnatural, but, as I could swear, precisely the same as that which I had received, and so unfortunately destroyed in compliance with the strict injunction, for which I now, though too late, saw the reason.

But now awfully lucky it was that by consulting those other fellows immediately I was thus saved; for you see that if I had kept it to myself for only half a day, I must have been irrevocably done for.

It riled me not a little that, convinced as I was, am, and ever shall be, of Gorles' guilt, we could bring no actual proof or evidence for conviction home to him.

And that point, as I say, my tutor perceived and held on to; for after the abrupt departure of the little brute, as I have described, with the whole ruck hallooing at his heels, we, that is Wyson and the other three and myself, had stayed behind to tell my story plainly and quietly.

It is fair to say that my tutor in those fellows presence tended me an ample apology, shaking me condescendingly by the hand.

But, when I went on to lay before him my own strong convictions, and equally strong grounds for them, coupled with the unusual threats which these others could bear witness to, he immediately turned upon me with a burst of got-up indignation.

"Lambard," he said, quite severely, "you know that original prejudice and illusion has now for more than three years existed and become a species of monomania with you: on that point you really are not quite—" and he hesitated (though I suppose he was going to say sane); "and I cannot for a moment listen to you; but I am only too glad that you have thus satisfactorily cleared yourself of this unpleasant suspicion, without the least," so he was pleased to say, "implicating any one else."

So, pig-headed, as you know he could be if he liked, he let the matter drop, I believe congratulating himself on so easily seeing his way out of an ugly business. That was the half, you know, Gorles was leaving, and though for the remainder of his time the majority of the house were more shy of him than ever, yet, what with my tutor's example of wilfully blinding himself to such clear, though circumstantial evidence, and to Kanniety's reiterated nonsense of its being a case of "Not proven," there were a good many fellows who chose to disbelieve, or at least say so, and doubt his guilt in this matter.

So far on the pure motive of judging others from themselves, those were not to blame who stuck to the charitable opinion that, disagreeable and generally odious as he was acknowledged to be, no fellow could really be so diabolically wicked as thus deliberately to try to ruin a schoolfellow's character and whole look-out for life.

But then I say to that, that Gorles was not to be judged by the ordinary rules of human nature; imp of evil, and positively and actually possessed as he is by a devil, as you should hear, if I only had time to tell you all that I have subsequently known and suffered from his supernatural and diabolical acts.

Ugly big words, you say, and I see you opening the eyes of astonishment, but I do not mean one jot less than I say, super-natural and diabolical.

Wait till you have heard all, for you must not imagine that my feelings of detestation, and I will not

dony dread, of that little fiend incarnate, is only founded on what I have now been telling you, about our old school-days. Why, as to those, bless your heart, many of those minor adventures and reminiscences, though true every one of them, and more or less connected with Gorles, had clean gone out of my head for years past; but I suppose seeing once more your old familiar phiz, my dear fellow, brought back old Eton and those scenes uppermost, as well as dozens of others not worth telling, which might as well be forgotten, except, of course, that rascally trick against me, which I have just kept to the last, but which if I lived to a hundred I should never forget.

I hardly know now how it is that I have thus brought myself to tell the whole story as I have, for I am certain that the subject never even passed my lips all the rest of the time I was at school, though I used to dream about it night after night, I know. I do not think I ever even alluded to it to my most intimate friends, and always tried to drive it by force, as well as I could, out of my own private thoughts.

But barring that, all I have been telling you is as yet a mere preface or introduction to what is to come—but, see, we have no time for more, for here we are at the Kingston Station, and, by Jove, there goes the signal for the up train. We must make a rush for it. I feel cooler now, morally I mean, if not physically. My walk and talk with you has done me good, and let the steam off; so for the present I will try to shake the black fit and my diamonds off. I think I could even be jolly, if we are only lucky enough to find some good party to chaff on our way up, and have some fun with. I feel I shall be all right again by the time we get to town.

(To be continued.)

BRAIN-WORK AND NOISE.

WHILE any man may if he will, at least approximately, secure himself all the prime requisites of life in so far as cleanliness is concerned in them, the great majority of people have very little power to secure that condition of quiet and freedom from mental distraction by discordant noises which to many are every whit as essential to perfect health as pure air and wholesome water.

There are tens of thousands of people in London to whom, if they are to prosecute their daily work with anything like ease and comfort, quietude is absolutely indispensable, and there are hundreds of thousands to whom it is at least very desirable, and whose working powers are exhausted nearly as much by the distracting sounds around them as by the labours in which they are engaged. This is a fact which will be disputed by nobody competent to express an opinion on the subject, yet it is one which neither the law nor public sentiment will recognise.

However important a man's work may be, either as regards himself or the community, his labours may be interrupted and retarded, his health affected, and his working life made a misery to him by a continual series of noises, from every one of which, by all that is civilised, he ought to be protected. Unless, however, he has the courage to engage in a very troublesome, a very unpleasant, and very uncertain legal proceeding, and can show that he is being rapidly killed, or prevented from pursuing his lawful calling, it is of no use complaining. It may be quite out of his power to take such proceedings, and with respect to some noises it would obviously be absurd to attempt it: but unless he does attempt it the law will not protect him.

Hawkers and oostermongers, organ-grinders, concertina players, and nigger troupes, may irritate and torment him all day long, and any attempt to suppress them will merely prove the impracticability of the thing, and bring upon him the odium of trying to prevent poor people getting an honest living.

If, in deference to their rights and privileges, he at length foregoes all claims to the uninterrupted use of his day, and consents to postpone his work till the night, he may probably find that the safety of his neighbour's conservatory requires that a miserable dog shall be tied up to bay the moon all night, and that luggage and passenger trains cannot be run into each other with the customary regularity unless the night, is made hid-ous with the distant screams and shrieks of engine-whistles.

Up till eleven or twelve o'clock at night, he may, perhaps, find that a poor man with an organ or piano-organ continues to make his "honest living" within earshot, and before he has done the public-houses begin to turn out little groups of melody-makers and concertina players. He may consider

himself lucky, indeed, if these prove the only sources of annoyance.

There are in London innumerable stylish-looking houses—"semi-detached villas," "desirable residences," "eligible modern dwellings," and other equally pretentious structures—in which a fretful child or musical student on one side of a party-wall will very effectually put to the rout any nervous toiler who may happen to be on the other.

It is quite time that all this received a little more consideration than it has hitherto done. It is a subject well worthy of it. All the world over, quiet and freedom from distraction have been held to be indispensable to the full exercise of mental power. There are, of course, exceptions. There are some who are not easily disturbed, and a few who appear to find a mental stimulant in noise, but they are altogether in a considerable minority, and never need be in want of a little hubbub for long together.

As a general rule, brain work requires silence, and if it is considered desirable to promote brain work, common sense should suggest the expediency of reducing, as far as possible, that which is unquestionably a hindrance to it. A cynic might well sneer at the civilisation which is fastidiously careful to put down everything that may offend gastronomic or olfactory sensibilities but that does so little to limit the irritation and injury to which a man's brains may be subjected by noises over which he himself in a general way has no control whatever.

The pigs which Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson finds unpleasant to her delicate nose must be sternly and promptly put down; but the dog or the cockatoo which the old lady may think proper to tie up within fifty yards of a philosopher's study-window must be endured, and even the mildest of protests will in all probability be resented as an unwarrantable interference with a person's right to do as she pleases in her own house. Of course, it may be said that the pigs are abolished because they may occasion disease. But ought not yelping dogs, organ-grinders, and unnecessary engine-whistles to be done away with on precisely the same grounds?

It appears to be the opinion of competent authorities that after all allowance has been made for the increase of population and the efficiency of modern registration, insanity is absolutely on the increase among us. It is easy to believe this. The strain and pressure under which so many are compelled to work, and which seems likely to become even more intense, are just what might be expected to result in mental breakdown, and there are very few who do not at least occasionally find this strain intensified by those incessant and irritating noises from which anywhere in the neighbourhood of London it seems impossible to escape. Some of them are, of course, inevitable.

We cannot repress the howling of the wind, the rattle of railway trains, or the crying of babies, but the necessary noises of life are quite numerous enough without the addition of unnecessary ones. Amongst the most trying of them all is the organ-grinder.

IS ANYBODY SANE?

THAT is to say: Is anybody so happily constituted that there is no corner of his mental organisation in which he is prepared to admit, consciously and unconsciously, that somebody or somewhere the impossible may happen?

For our part we are inclined to think that perfect sanity, like perfect health, is a condition impossible in the present stage of human development. It is our misfortune as well as our advantage that we are heirs of all the ages. The past remains with us; so that every man carries more or less of the imperfection, the lower life, of all the long series of life forms, reaching back to the beginning.

Without going the length of the litanies, and saying there is no health in us, we are nevertheless compelled by every day experience to admit that the best of men fall far short of the state of perfect healthfulness in mind and body which we can readily conceive to be possible.

PLANT ANÆSTHESIA.

THE curious discovery has recently been made that anæsthesia may take place not only in animals but in plants, and, in brief, in all forms of life. It has been demonstrated that etherisation acts finally on all the tissues of animals and on the central nervous system. Hence, if plants have tissues, the anæsthetic should equally act on them. This substantially appears to

be the case; and every vital act, whether occurring in animal or vegetable, may be anæsthetised.

In plants, M. Claude Bernard, to whom is due the credit of the discovery, has found that germination ceases under the influence of ether. He introduced water cresses, which germinate from day to day, into two precisely similar tubes. In one tube he placed a little ether. The plant therein on the following day was found not to have germinated, as the other had; but after being removed from the anæsthetic, the first went on and germinated in a natural manner. The plant had literally been put to sleep.

THE ORACLE AND THE PRIEST.

An Idol, made of brass and wood,
Within a pagan temple stood,
And often spoke—or so it seemed—
Such wondrous words that many deemed
His speech oracular, and came,
Drawn by the Idol's spreading fame,
In eager crowds from far and near
His well-paid prophecies to hear,
Concerning things of gravest weight;
Commercial schemes; affairs of state;
In wedlock how to wisely choose;
If one in love, or law, would lose
Or haply gain his suit at last;
How riches might be soon amassed;
All things, in brief, that men would know

About their future weal or woe.
One day it suddenly befel,
(Though why or wherefore none can tell)
The Idol—questioned as before—
Was silent, and would speak no more;
And, thereupon, the voice of Fame
Grew silent too; none named his name
Save in contempt of fools who once
Were cozened by so dull a dunce.
No doubt, you deem it something strange
The Idol met with such a change,
And fain would know the reason why;
'Twas this—the Priest had chanced to die!

And with the service of the priest
The Idol's speech had somehow ceased.
Perhaps my fable may explain
(What else a secret might remain)
Why many a Senator, renowned
For speeches sensible and sound
As well as eloquent and grand,
All suddenly has lost command
(Or so it seemed) of that fine voice
Which made the galleries rejoice
In heavy thunders of applause;
He speaks no more! pray, what can cause
So sweet a voice to be so still?
Alas! his Secretary's ill!

I. G. S.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company at this theatre has at once launched at top of tide, and is careering on with a wet sail, well filled with the gale of popular approbation. There is, indeed, much in a good start, and "The Water Carrier," Sir Julius Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," "The Sonnambula," "Faust," and "The Bohemian Girl," have already been presented, with a commendable completeness for which the English lovers of opera have cause to be grateful. With Mr. Santley to bear the burden in the leading role of Micheli; Mr. Charles Lyall as his son, Antonio; Mrs. Anysley Cook as Daniel; Mr. Ludwidge, the Lieutenant; Mr. F. H. Celli, the Commandant; Mr. Nordblom, the Count; Miss Julia Gaylord as Marcellina; and Miss L. Graham, Angelina; those who stickle most stoutly for the claims of native talent can hardly be discontented. The one change in the caste, Miss Gaylord for Madame Rose Hersee, may, without disparagement of the younger lady, be regretted. Mr. Rosa has certainly done his best in assembling his operatic company, and the result, too, most gratifying both to himself, the audiences, and the artists. The chorus, too, so frequently slighted, has been most sedulously selected, and supported the concerted pieces admirably. Mr. Santley's reception in the "Water

Carrier" was enthusiastic. We may note with approval that Mr. Rosa does his best to restrict and to suppress the nuisance of encores—a vile custom which interrupts the action, both musical and histrionic, of the piece, and which leads to the worst of claques and partiality, to the damage of the work, and the annoyance of those who enjoy music in its flow and symmetry.

The "Lily of Killarney," with revisions, excisions, and additional pieces by its talented composer, was an interesting reproduction. In the first act there is little alteration. In the second a dying scene for Mr. Santley (Danny Mann) is a manifest improvement. The finale, which is also new, shows that the right-hand of Sir Julius has not "forgotten its cunning." In fact the opera has decidedly been brought closer, and is more full in its numbers than before. Mr. Santley was in full power and song, we had almost said, as he alone can sing the music scored for his part. Miss Julia Gaylord sang charmingly as Eily O'Connor; Miss Josephine Yorke had the music allotted to Ann Chute; and Miss Lucy Franklin's round and rich notes were heard to advantage as Mrs. Cregan. Hardness had full justice done to his songs by Mr. F. C. Parkard, and Myles was lively and fussy in the hands of Mr. Charles Lyall. The "Lily of Killarney" in her new dress was delightfully welcome.

Bellini's ever-pleasing "Sonnambula" brought forward Mlle. Ida Corani, as Amina, and the young prima donna secured a brilliant triumph, her debut being acclaimed by a crowded and appreciative audience. The florid style of Bellini's was illustrated with facility of phrasing, and the more tender cantabile rendered with sweetness and pathos. Her operatic position was at once defined, and the leading characters of the lyric drama are hers by right of talent, natural and acquired. Elvino was, both in acting and singing, above the average of stage tenors, and we congratulate Mr. J. W. Turner on his vocal proficiency and histrionic power. We look hopefully to the future of the Lyceum. The best operas, given in English, by the best available singers, are surely deserving the steady patronage of the public; and as the means of bringing before the musical world the most gifted of our English vocal lists and the works of our worthiest native composers, we hope to see this theatre at length vindicate its original name of: "The English Opera House."

GLOBE THEATRE.

MR. EDGAR BRUCH has re-opened this pretty theatre with Mr. Burnett's excellent adaptation of "Bleak House," entitled "Jo." The play has lost none of its old attractiveness. Miss Jennie Lee once again gives us her matchless embodiment of the London Arab with such power that there is hardly a dry eye among the spectators. Miss Nellie Lee is artistically and truly repulsive as Guster, Dolores Drummond, an effective Hortense, and Louise Willes an impressive Lady Dedlock. Inspector Bucket loses nothing in the byplay of Mr. Burnett. Mr. L. H. Barnes is Sir Leicester Dedlock, Mr. Wilmot the Reverend Oily Chadband, Mr. Steyne, Guppy, and each suited in his part. The lever de rideau is a farce called "The Way of the Wind," a "breezy sketch" from the pen of Mr. Wallis Mackay. Major Boreas intends his nephew for a parson, but the youngster prefers the sea, and is accordingly disinherited. Lydia Zephyr, however, his ward, the daughter of old Admiral Zephyr, Major Boreas's friend, loves the truant nephew, and of course succeeds in her resolve to have him coute qui coute. The Major has a weathercock in his garden modelled after the figure of old Admiral Zephyr, and upon his nephew's return he substitutes himself for the figure, answers questions and finally gets the Major to give his ward's hand to young Harry. Miss N. Harris was a pretty Lydia, Mr. Barnes a hearty Harry, Mr. Howell a blustering, humorous Boreas, and Miss Robertson a sharp Mrs. Eurus. The trifle went off merrily as such trifles should do.

COURT THEATRE.

"ETHEL'S REVENGE," with Miss Helen Barry as the heroine, supported by Miss Florence Roberts (Nathalie), Mr. Kelly (Lord Mountsorrel), Mr. Herbert (Count Dalmer), Miss Hughes, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs, is running successfully here. It is a play of strong sensation and good situations, but in character and sentiment so theatrical and artificial as almost to suggest that the characters are imitations of those we are accustomed to on the Parisian stage, albeit the piece is neither in plot nor dialogue an adaptation or translation.

The other piece at the Court is a comedietta called, "A Substitute." It is written by Mr. James Payn, and is a laughter-provoking little drama.



[UNCLE GEORGE MAKES INQUIRIES.]

TRUE WORTH.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Well, folks, all well, I hope?" said a merry, cheerful voice, as the owner of it, with a slight tap at Mrs. Arnold's door, entered. "Where are the little people?"

"Gone to school. Come in Sue, sit down."

"Why, what is the matter, Belle?" said Susan Scott, for it was her, "you look as melancholy as a sexton in a healthy season. Has anything happened?"

"No; I wish something would happen, to drive these sad thoughts away. I begin to feel almost discouraged."

"Nonsense; discouraged, Belle? Why you have been here, let me see how long—a little over two months, and discouraged already—oh, my dear, you ought to have been in my place."

"There—thank you for that, Susan—that remark has brought my senses back. How dare I murmur at anything while I have deserved so little. I won't find fault with my lot, and I ought not to complain; I cannot help feeling bad for Robert. He has run and searched ever since we have been here, and has not succeeded in finding anything to do yet. Poor fellow, I am so sorry for him. He comes home every night with a dreadful long face, and though he tries to smile and seem cheerful, I can see he is very desponding. As for me, I have as much work as I can do. I can earn easily twenty or twenty-four shillings at this kind of work," and she held up a garment on which she was embroidering. "Little did I ever think, that the only thing I can really do well, would be the means of making our living. And I know how hard it makes Robert feel, to see me working so—though goodness knows I am thankful for this. I wish he could get something to do."

"And so do I, and who knows but that even I may help him? I haven't told you, have I, how kind Mr. Arnold has been to Henry?"

"No—how, dear? I know he is one of the best and kindest of men, and is always doing good. How fortunate you are to have found such a friend."

"Yes, Belle. How beautifully you do embroider!" she added, examining the work on which her friend was engaged. "But I must tell you of Mr. Arnold's last kindness, and by the way, do you believe that even at this very hour, I can't imagine why he is always doing for me?"

"Can't you guess?"

"I haven't the remotest idea, except that when he first saw me, and found out my mother's name, he seemed to take a great interest in me, and said I should never want a friend, and Heaven knows I never have from that time. He has put Henry in partnership with Mr. Benson."

"You don't say so," said Belle, biting off a thread, and at the same time exhaling a very gentle sigh.

"Don't sigh, dear. Things will be brighter one of these days. Every dark cloud has its edge of silver."

"Yes, I try to hope for the best, but I wish I was better prepared for the worst. I know it is the dull season and nobody is doing any business, and I try to encourage Robert with the hope that the spring will bring better things, but he shakes his head so despondingly. Sometimes the fear of coming to want almost unfits me for work, but when I think of the little mouths that must be fed, I try to chase away such thoughts, and make the needle fly. But come! with you, dear Sue, to cheer me up, and with the remembrance of your dreadful sufferings compared to my anticipations, I ought to be ashamed to say a word. I won't! Come make me laugh, and I will be myself in a few moments. Tell me some pleasant things about yourself. How are your wee ones? Nelly well?"

"All well, thank heaven. They are at school too, and as I had nothing special to do, I thought I would come round."

"You are a good kind soul," said Belle, looking at her with eyes beaming love and gratitude, and as the tears gathered on her lids, Susan perceiving them, said hurriedly:

"Oh, this will never do, that is the most left-handed laugh I ever saw. See, you are spoiling your work," and snatching it away from Belle, she pretended to "examine it very closely." "No—I thought you had crossed those stitches. How long will it take you to finish this?" and Belle's thoughts were at once forced from the channel into which they had commenced to flow.

Susan's natural gaiety of disposition, and her quick sense of the ludicrous, were brought into requisition for this occasion, and they were both soon in the enjoyment of laughter so hearty, it would have been thought rude among the former associates of Belle, when residing in her first-class house.

Susan was in the act of relating some trifling adventure which had befallen her a few days before, and which had struck her as so irresistibly ludicrous, the very remembrance of it brought tears of laughter

into her eyes, and Belle from very sympathy joined with her most heartily.

They were suddenly interrupted in the midst of their hilarity by the opening of the door of the apartment in which they were seated, followed by the entrance of a lady, who, pausing an instant on the threshold, was at once recognised by Belle as one of her neighbours, one for whom Belle had conceived a great regard, and with whom something like an intimacy had sprung up.

That she was a lady of heart, feeling and refinement, may be inferred, from the fact, that she had discovered her old friend, and as soon as found, had not hesitated to call on her.

"My dear Mrs. Jordan!" exclaimed Belle, dropping her work, and springing forward with a countenance eloquently speaking the pleasure she felt. "How kind of you—I am so glad to see you—my sister, Mrs. Jordan," and she turned to Susan.

"Sister! why, Mrs. Arnold, I never heard you speak of a sister."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Scott, adroitly turning the subject, for she knew well what would spring from Belle's heart and lips; "we have been parted so long, there was an uncertainty whether we should ever meet again."

"Well, really, dear," said Mrs. Jordan, taking a proffered chair, "I am delighted to see you—and how do you do? Where are the little folks? By the way, do you know how I found you out?"

"I am sure I can't imagine."

"I met Robert and Ida going to school the other day, and they told me, so I am here. It was unkind of you not to inform your friends where you had gone," said Mrs. Jordan, with a marked emphasis on the word.

"I know the ways of the world so well, I thought—"

"There, no matter, we won't talk of that. How is Mr. Arnold—what is he doing now?—How nicely you are located here! I declare, it looks like a little paradise!"

"And it is so, Mrs. Jordan, for we are very happy. Robert has not yet found anything to do, but I suppose he will in the spring, when business commences."

"Oh, yes! a smart, active, enterprising young man like him, cannot remain idle long. He will soon find his level. I remember once when my husband was a book-keeper, he lost one place by the failure of the concern, and he was more than six months before he got another, and we had a pretty tough time of it, I assure you. But what is this

"you are working at?" and she took up the work that Belle had dropped on her entrance.

"Why, I declare," she continued, examining it more closely, "this is strange."

"Oh! nothing at all strange, Mrs. Jordan," said Belle, smiling; "I am working this for Mr. ——. I can make twenty or twenty-four shillings a week at this kind of work."

"I should like to know, Belle Arnold," said Mrs. Jordan, taking up the work, "what he pays you for this?"

"Sixteen shillings," said Belle, without the least sign of confusion.

"Well, if he don't grow rich soon, it won't be his fault! Why, Belle, that is a cloak which I gave him to get embroidered for my Clara, and he charges me four pounds! but I will soon fix that. Come, let us talk about other things. How do you do, and how do you get on?"

"I am well, as you see, Mrs. Jordan, and if Robert had a situation, I should not ask for anything more. We are as happy as the day is long. He comes home at night, tired, it is true, and sometimes sad, to think he has nothing to do; but then he throws away all care as soon as he enters the house. We take walks every pleasant evening with the children. In the mornings he goes to market for us, before he goes to town—oh! I can't tell you—but we are perfectly happy and contented. It won't be long before he finds some occupation, and then we shall have nothing more to wish for."

This was a strong expression, but Mrs. Jordan felt that it was truly uttered, and as she gazed around the plainly furnished apartment, and saw Belle sewing away while she was talking, she felt convinced that it came from her heart.

Mrs. Jordan paid a long call, and made her visit most welcome. She was so cheerful—so unostentatious. She made no unpleasant allusion to the past, though she was hopeful for the future, and bade Belle keep up her heart, encouraging her by the kindest expressions to hope that all would prove to have been for the best, and when she took her leave, Belle felt that there was one at least who had not forsaken her in her adversity.

Mrs. Jordan had not quitted the house half-an-hour, when Belle was startled and delighted by the sudden entrance of Robert, who came in with a countenance so expressive of pleasure, she was sure he had some good news to communicate.

And he had, indeed! His anxious search for a situation had at length been crowned with success, and he had that morning secured a place as salesman with a concern just established. He was to commence on the morrow, and had hastened home to communicate the joyful intelligence to his wife, by whom it was received with as much pleasure as he had derived in making it known to her.

Susan, too, sympathised heartily with them in their joy, and their hearts were touched by her sincere and earnest congratulations.

"Misfortunes never comesingle, you know, Robert," said his wife, "and it is a bad rule which won't work both ways."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, we have had a call this morning."

"Indeed! Who on earth thinks enough of us now to call?"

"Mrs. Jordan; and she was the chance bearer of good news. She saw my work here, for which I am to get sixteen shillings, and who do you suppose it is for?"

"I am sure I cannot guess."

"Why, for herself; and do you believe, he charges her four pounds for what he pays me sixteen shillings."

"That's a fair business operation."

"Well, she did not seem to think so, for she promised she would get me plenty of the same kind, at double what I am getting now. What do you think of that?"

"Only that she is a dear, kind-hearted woman, and that you are a nice industrious little wife. But, Belle, now we are on the high road to wealth again," he continued, with a well affected air of earnestness. "I have an idea of making a little change."

"Why, Robert," said his wife, anxiously, for he had completely deceived her, "what are you thinking about?"

"I don't think this part of a house is hardly large enough for our family. I know where there is one at eighty pounds, which would suit us exactly," and he turned to Susan with an expression which she caught instantly.

"You see you can make at least twenty shillings or twenty-four shillings a week, the children's schooling don't cost anything, and we can easily pay that much rent. Besides, the house is in a much better neighbourhood than this, and then we can have it all to ourselves."

"Robert, dear," said his wife entreatingly, for she feared he was in earnest.

"Yes, and I don't doubt that in a short time, when they find out I am so good a salesman, they will cheerfully give me at least a thousand, and—"

By this time tears had gathered to Belle's eyes, and she was about giving vent to the feelings which his words had aroused within her, when she caught a telegraphic glance passing between her husband and Susan.

The truth flashed upon her, and hastily dashing away her tears, she said, "I have a great mind not to get a mouthful of dinner for you, sir, for making me feel so!"

But she was too happy "to feel so" many moments, and a long and pleasant conversation ensued concerning the past and present. For the past there were no regrets (except those known only to their own hearts for faults committed); for the present they were truly grateful, and were perfectly happy.

The next morning, at an early hour, Robert Arnold was seen hastening round to a meat stall in the vicinity, with his little basket, accompanied by Ida, who was running along by his side, chattering and finding cause for happiness in everything she saw. The humble marketing was soon completed, and Belle prepared their morning meal, which was eaten with a relish, such as had rarely been known in their first-class house.

With a hearty kiss of love all round, Robert took his leave for the day, and started to commence the duties of his new position.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"HERE, young woman, where are you going at this time of day, and what are you doing in this neighbourhood?" was the salutation which met the ear of our friend Susan, one fine morning, about two months after the occurrences detailed in our last chapter.

At the sound of the voice so familiar to her ears and so very dear to her heart, she turned and faced Arnold—Uncle George.

"What have you there?" he said, pointing to a package she was carrying in her hand, neatly done up.

"Some jelly for a sick child. I made it yesterday, and I thought I would take it around myself early this morning. I should like to ask, if I dared," she said, with an arch expression, "what you are doing in this neighbourhood at this time of day, Mr. Arnold?"

"That is easily answered," he replied, laughing. "I expect to meet your husband a little further up. I have some vacant lots on which I desire to build, and I want to consult him about them. You know I have great faith in the judgment of the firm of Benson and Co."

"Heaven bless you, sir! they all have faith in and love for you."

"Pshaw! you talk like a — no you don't either. Whose child is sick?"

"You will not be very angry if I tell you something?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not very, if I can help it. But that is no answer to my question."

"Robert Arnold's!" and Uncle George's countenance, which had before been wreathed in smiles, fell very sensibly.

"I know, dear Mr. Arnold, what you told me when I was at your office some months ago, but she was in great distress—in trouble. She was very unhappy, and I could not forget that we had once belonged to the same family, at least, and she loves me very much."

"She loves you and you love her?" he said, with an air which was intended to mean, "I don't believe a word of it."

"With all my heart. We are together as much as my duties will allow, and I don't know any one who is more truly happy to see me. We don't think or speak of the past."

"You don't, I dare say," said Uncle George, with a very meaning expression, gazing with undisguised pleasure upon the frank, ingenuous countenance of his protégée.

"She would if I would allow her to, Mr. Arnold, but I have forbidden the subject. Why, you never saw such a change in your life in any person, as has taken place in her. She is one of the dearest, sweetest little women I ever knew. She is the nicest, tidiest little housekeeper—her children are like pinks, and she—"

"I suppose they have a fine brown stone house again."

"They have three nice little rooms in a nice little house in William Street, and they are as happy as the day is long. Belle has plenty of work. She does embroidery for a shop, and her husband, after looking about for nearly three months, found a situation in Cedar Street, where he gets one hundred pounds a year. I wish you could see them once, when he comes

home in the evening. They act more like children than anything I can think of."

"You seem to be perfectly familiar with everything concerning them," said Mr. Arnold, trying to appear uninterested.

"I ought to be. Am I not her sister? But I forgot—you have not told me if you are very angry. You know you forbade me—"

"I know you are a good-hearted little woman, and I will tell you some other time whether I am angry or not. What is the matter with the child?"

"She has had an intermittent fever, but is getting better. Poor Belle has had a hard time of it tending her child, besides all the housework—cooking, washing and ironing. But she never murmurs nor complains, though I know she has a hard trial."

"Why don't she get a girl?" asked Uncle George, with an air of interest.

"Oh, they can't afford that yet. One hundred pounds a year for four, and house-rent, coal, clothes, and other odds and ends, don't go far. No, Mr. Arnold, they don't dream of such a thing. It is as much as they can do to make both ends meet, any how."

"Where did you say Robert—I mean Mr. Arnold—was employed?"

"I think he told me it was Ames and Johnson, in Cedar Street."

"Ah, thank you. And how is his wife?"

"Oh, as well as could be expected, considering the hard work she has. However, she hopes for better times, and so do I, for I do love her dearly."

Mr. Arnold looked at his companion as she spoke, and he could not help feeling that any one who could have won the love of such a woman could not be very unworthy.

But he said nothing more concerning them.

"There, go along—be a good girl, and see if you can't mind me better next time," he said, as he was about to leave her at the corner of the street which they had now reached. "If your mother had been alive—"

"Dear Mr. Arnold," said Susan, laying her hand familiarly and affectionately upon his arm, "will you not tell me now why it is that you have been so kind, and have taken such an interest in me? You said when you first saw me, that you would befriend me for my mother's sake."

"And I will do so for your own sake, Susan, for, apart from the love I bore your mother, I love you for yourself."

"And you loved my mother," she said, looking at her companion with moistened eyes. "Dear—good Mr. Arnold."

"Better than my life, Susan, or I should have been married years ago. But come, I shall be angry if you ask me any more questions. Go about your business, and tend the sick child, and don't ever ask me any more questions. You know more now than you ought to."

"Not more than you wished I should know, Mr. Arnold. Surely it was not wrong in me to wish to know why you should so befriend and aid a poor, unlearned-for woman like myself."

"Susan Scott, hold your tongue, and go about your business, or I shall be very angry," and he looked so very unlike an angry man, with his eyes moistened by tears of mingled joy and sorrow, Susan felt very much like throwing herself on his neck, and having a good cry. But the time and place were not opportune for such an expression of feeling, and she forbore; but took her leave of him with many expressions of gratitude, devotion and love, and he turned away without vouchsafing a word of reply.

Susan did not fail to repeat the conversation which had occurred at this interview, to Belle, to whom as well as to her husband, it afforded great pleasure, as it indicated that he had not lost all interest in them.

An impression, however, was made upon Mr. George Arnold by the simple, unadorned statement of Susan, which led him first to thinking and then to acting.

He thought that if they could be so happy and contented in their present circumstances, in view of the very great change in their position and mode of living, there was hope that he might yet be brought to a realisation of his true position, and if Providence should again favour him, that he would not waste in extravagance and folly the gifts lavished upon him.

(To be Continued.)

The accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more. He who seeks for much will ever be in want of much. It is best with him to whom God has given that which is sufficient, though every superfluity be withheld.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

SEVERAL explanations are given as to the origin of this term. Of late the following has gone the rounds of the press, and been accepted as authentic: That the term arose from the way and manner in which tapsters and innkeepers were wont to keep their scores against customers who got trusted for beer—"P" standing for pint, and "Q" for quart—said scores to be paid up at the end of the week. The significance of the application is plain.

But there is another and better explanation, which seems to be the right one. Charles Knight produced it, declaring that the phrase, "Mind your P's and Q's," originated in the printing-office, where many other terse and quaint sayings have had their rise. The forms of the small "p" and "q" in Roman type have always been puzzling to the child and to the printer's apprentice. In the one the downward stroke is on the left of the loop or oval, and in the other on the right. Now when types are reversed, as they are in process of distribution, the young printer is often puzzled to distinguish the "p" from the "q." And especially in assorting pie—a mixed heap of types—where the "p" and the "q" have not the form of any word for a guide, it would be impossible for an inexperienced person to distinguish one from the other at first sight. So, I think we may safely say that the phrase should be written thus—in "lower-case" letters: "Mind your 'p's' and 'q's,'" and that its origin was the direction of the master printer to his apprentices.

S. C.

GETTING OVER IT.

WHEN people are very young, before they have known a loss of any kind, they believe that the death of one they loved or estrangement from their friends would kill them. When one hears that such and such a person, who has been bereaved, is "getting over it," he dislikes him a little for having such a hard heart.

After awhile, however, we learn better. After our first great grief has come to us we know better what a miserable, pitiful thing that "getting over it" is. We are not dead, so we must act as living people do. Friends have borne with sad faces and sighs and tears long enough. We must play our part again.

We may know of the deep scar of the old wound and the pain it gives, but we must speak of it no more. So we take up the burden of life again, and no one knows that we have anything to bear.

M. M.

A WASTE OF TIME.

ON a certain occasion Professor Agassiz had refused to deliver a lecture before a popular lyceum in one of our largest towns, giving as his reason for said refusal that this lecturing apart from his own classes made serious inroads upon his studies, and upon time which he should devote to the preparations of specimens.

"But, my dear Professor," pleaded the chairman of the Lecture Committee, "Our people are very anxious to hear you. They will be greatly disappointed."

Agassiz was sorry, but he could not help it. "I pray you consider," urged the committeeman. "It will be a good thing for you. We will pay you double the sum we have ever yet paid for a lecture, and we have had some of the most popular."

"That is no inducement to me," replied the professor, calmly and decisively shaking his head; "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money!"

SUNSTROKE.

SUNSTROKE is peculiarly an affection of soldiers, and is by no means limited among them to the troops, for some of the worst attacks of it have occurred among the officers of the Prussian and Belgian troops during the exercising season. But, although we hear most of coup de soleil among soldiers, it may strike any one down of either sex and of any age. It may be said that there is direct and indirect coup de soleil; many suffering from the effects of heat who have not been exposed directly to the rays of the sun.

It has frequently occurred in European women in close barracks, and the frightful mortality of the Blackhole of Calcutta was caused by heat-apoplexy, induced by vitiated and unremoved air of a tropical temperature.

Those who are most likely to be attacked are such as are of full make or of intemperate habits, or whose bowels are confined; those who are exhausted by labour in the sun, or who sleep in close chambers or the fore-cabin of vessels, where there is no current of air, and those who have tight clothing about their necks or chest. This being the case, prophylaxis naturally follows.

Soldiers must not be kept out too long in the morning, or marched over close sandy plains in close, sultry weather. Sailors, too, cannot bear, when in harbour, an amount of exposure to the sun which they could bear with impunity at sea. The head should be well protected, while the action of the throat and chest should be free.

Men, whether suffering from the effects of heat or of intemperance, must not be allowed to lie down in the sun. Free ventilation indoors is of paramount importance.

The ordinary treatment is now almost universally followed, and, for practical purposes, it may be said to be this:

To remove the patient out of the sun, and to endeavour to place him in a current of air; practise cold effusion on his head and chest; administer diffusible and other stimulants; apply mustard poultices to the extremities; exhibition of purgatives. Quinine by the mouth, or in sub-cutaneous injections, is often very valuable. In such a disease any delay proves fatal.

THE STAR OF HIS DESTINY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE scene flashed upon Claude like the memory-haunted garden of Cairo, for there Bonaparte had collected the roses, the jasmine, the lily of Egypt, with the gorgeous bloom of Asiatic forests, superb cacti from far-off Mexico, and the ferns and mosses of the North. Crystal walls rose around him, to protect the foreign flowers which had been transplanted, like Zoe herself, to brighten the conqueror's home, and through the glass roof above you could see the delicate tracery of the rare vines that had crept across it.

But the young man was in no mood to appreciate the hues of flowers, the silver sheen of fountains, or the bird songs ringing up from tree and shrub. Zoe's fickleness shattered the rainbow of promise that had spanned his sky during the Alpine campaign, and the gloom within cast its shadow on everything around.

He was endeavouring to mark out some plan for immediate action when a bright laugh came floating by on the summer breeze and sent a wild thrill through his whole frame.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "she must be near; I should recognise that laugh on the desert of Arabia, or amid the Arctic snows!"

And prompted by an irresistible impulse, he stole away in the direction whence the familiar voice had proceeded. He had gone but a short distance, when he heard the tinkling of a guitar, and Zoe's voice, which Madame Bonaparte was taking much pains to cultivate, warbling an Eastern love song.

She had sung it to him when he was recovering from the plague in Egypt, to the accompaniment of an old-fashioned instrument, which had been found in Cairo, and was used by the common people, and Arnaud's heart beat fast as he listened.

"Ah!" he said, in a low tone, "I presume she is singing to my rival as she did to me in Egypt. What a consummate coquette she has proved, and how unworthy the devotion I have lavished upon her. There she is—let me watch her an instant, when she does not dream I am nigh."

Crouching down in a spot where he could have a full view of his false lady-love, and yet be quite sheltered from observation, he gazed on the scene before him.

Clad in her picturesque oriental costume, but wearing a plumed cap instead of her accustomed veil and turban, Zoe had never looked more beautiful or captivating than then, and Arnaud could not wonder at the impression she had made in the circle to which Madame Bonaparte had introduced her charge.

She sat in a graceful garden chair, her guitar lying amid the folds of her tunic, and her dainty feet resting on a cushion that had been brought from the house. Before her in a most picturesque attitude knelt the marshal, who had paid her such homage in Egypt, and now seemed resolved to win her from her allegiance to Arnaud.

This officer, whose real name we will conceal under the appellation of De Lascelles, was no longer young but in the prime of his manhood, and acknowledged to be one of the greatest stars of the Consular court,

and a most eligible match. When the song had melted from the girl's bright lips, he leaned toward her, and clasping the hand wandering over the strings of the guitar, murmured:

"Zoe, Zoe, I can respond to the sentiments breathed in that oriental song, and speak the solemn truth. Ma belle, I worship you, but I dared not tell you the story, which my heart must have uttered when we were in Cairo, because you were betrothed to another. Now, now I know not but I shall bring down upon me your scorn, and Comte Arnaud may call me to an account for what he may deem unmanly, and yet I have ventured to breathe my love into your ear. My homage is sincere and lasting; for me love's dream can never be told, and if the day should dawn, when your betrothal vows seem like a burden, fly to me, and you will find home, happiness, peace."

"The day has come," replied Zoe, while her face crimsoned, and her heavily fringed eyelids drooped.

"Ah! do I hear aright?" cried the marshal, "do you indeed wish a release from your engagement to Arnaud?"

"Why should I speak again?" retorted the girl, "his correspondence and attentions will henceforth be hateful to me, and if my hand can make you happy, it is yours!"

Claude Arnaud could listen no longer, but disappointed and chagrined, withdrew from the gardens. On reaching Paris, he wrote the following laconic note to the fickle lady:

MADemoiselle ZOE,—"I have returned to Paris, and been a visitor at Malmaison, when you did not dream that I was near. I witnessed the scene between you and Marshal Lascelles in Madame Bonaparte's gardens, and my first act after reaching Paris, is to give you a release. Both you and I are free!"

CLAUDE ARNAUD.

This note was not written without a strong effort. A whole night he sat by his escritoire, pen in hand writing letter after letter, only to tear them in pieces and scatter them to the winds of heaven.

Two or three times he held the hitherto treasured rose, and the knot of violets over the lamp, resolving they should share the fate, to which Madame Bonaparte told him his last Alpine letter had been doomed, but something, he scarcely knew what, saved the faded flowers from the flames.

"I will not, I cannot destroy them," he muttered, "there can be no harm in keeping them till she is the marshal's bride, and then, then I will restore them. Poor, poor Pauline! had I been wise, I should have learned to love you and repay the devotion which sent you as a vivandiere through the perils of an Alpine campaign. To the extreme surprise of the soldiers, Genevieve left the service as mysteriously as she entered it, and none of them suspect her to have been the Comtesse Pauline. I trust that for her sake, the wild escapade will be kept as I shall keep it, a secret, and never furnish food for court gossip or camp talk."

Two days subsequent to these painful events, Zoe was summoned to the Tuilleries, as the messenger had informed her that Madame Bonaparte wished to see her on business of importance.

"I suppose," said the girl, mentally, "I shall receive a reprimand for my course toward Arnaud, but if she interferes I will go to Napoleon and plead my cause. She has been very kind to me, but she does not know all, and I am too proud to tell her, and so she must still misjudge me. Had I needed proofs of the statements of that anonymous letter, this is sufficient to confirm me in my belief; while he was writing to me as the tenderness of lovers, he was playing the devoted to the beautiful vivandiere, who was the means of saving his life when he was wounded at the battle of Marengo."

As she spoke her brain whirled, and she cast a keen glance at a slip of paper Claude Arnaud had dropped in the gardens attached to Malmaison; it was a leaf from his note-book, and on it Zoe saw the Alpine sketch we have mentioned, with the figure of Genevieve in the foreground, and thus the clouds which hung heavy above the estranged lovers, seemed to gather darkness with every passing hour.

When Zoe entered Madame Bonaparte's boudoir, at the Tuilleries, the other attendants were dismissed, and only she and Hortense remained.

"Madame," exclaimed the girl, "I see you are displeased."

"Yes, Zoe, I have been deeply pained by your folly and fickleness. Though you saw fit to turn Comte Arnaud's letter, I hoped your act might have been the result of some slight misunderstanding, which he could explain, but on the contrary the breach has widened since his return. Yesternight we invited him to the Tuilleries, to discuss the arrangements for my daughter's bridal, and it was proposed that he should stand one of the groomsmen with you."

"That is impossible," he replied; "our betrothal

is null and void, for she prefers Marshal Lascelles."

The girl's pulse beat stormily, and she felt a keen sense of wrong, that Arnaud, both by his note and his language to Josephine, should have heaped the blame on her head, but pride kept back the truth.

"Madame," she said, controlling her emotion by one of those strong efforts she had of late been forced to make, "Claude Arnaude is nothing to me, and I have dared accept De Lascelles. He will be here to beg your sanction in due time, and he, too, pleads for an early marriage."

"Zoe, I would not have dreamed this of you," resumed Madame Bonaparte, "and I cannot conscientiously give my consent to your marriage with the marshal; your choice astonishes and grieves me more than I can tell."

Josephine was now called from the room, and gliding to her daughter, Zoe flung her arms around her and whispered:

"Hortense, Hortense, plead my cause for me."

"Oh," responded the girl wearily, "I have tried to plead my own, but in vain. My heart is in Duroc's keeping, but I must give my hand to Louis Bonaparte. Pity me, pity me, Zoe, for I am very miserable!"

For an instant there was a deep silence, but it was soon broken, and the two girls sat long talking over the romance and the reality of their youth.

Time dragged on, and the memorable attempt to imperil the life of the first consul delayed the wedding of Hortense, and sent a thrill of terror from Paris to Provence.

The gay dawn was breaking several hours after the failure of this bold plot, when Count Arnaud was ushered in the audience chamber where Bonaparte and his wife were receiving the congratulations of their friends.

The young man held out his hand in a silence far more expressive than words, and for some time he stood thus, but at length he found voice to say:

"Was Mademoiselle Zoe one of your party last night?"

"No, she would not join us, she is quite safe."

"Grace a Dieu! She is lost to me, but I am glad to hear she is unharmed! There is, however, one boon I would crave ere I leave the Tuilleries."

"And what is it? I can deny nothing to the Pride of the Legion, and you may ask what you please."

"Do not let Mademoiselle Zoe know I have made any inquiries with regard to her, for she and her new lover would laugh me to scorn."

Bonaparte's lip curled, and he said with bitter emphasis:

"How blind these women are to mistake dress for gold, and a fair exterior for real excellence! De Lascelles is a brave officer, and as such I have promoted him, but you are by far the noblest, and I wonder at her taste."

A cynical smile flashed over the young man's features as he exclaimed:

"Ah, when I think of it, I recall the words uttered by a soldier in Cairo at the time of her mysterious disappearance there, and under the supposition that she had eloped with Lascelles—'It is something to be a marshal of France! Mayhap she is dazzled by a prospective dukedom.'"

Bonaparte reflected for a few moments and then muttered:

"Arnaud, I see it is harder for you to give her up than face thousands of armed men. Speak the word, and you shall have her in spite of any duke or marshal in the Republic!"

"Not for the world—the dream is over," and with a profound bow, and another clasp of the consul's hand, the young man left the Tuilleries.

CHAPTER X.

THE bridal of Hortense Beauharnais and Louis Bonaparte was one of the most brilliant that had ever been witnessed even in brilliant Paris. The halls of the Tuilleries with their grand old arches and pillars, and lofty windows; the gorgeous tapestry that draped the walls, and fall on fall of velvet, sweeping from the gilded cornice to the marble beneath, the gleam of sculpture, the marvellous lights and shadows of the rare painting which crowded the panels, the purple canopy rising above the chairs of state to be occupied by the consul and his wife, and the white drapery gathered in shining folds over the seats of Louis and Hortense, presented a most imposing scene. Hot-house flowers filled the exquisite vases, garlanded the tall pillars, and fretted work of the massive silver candelabra, and in filigree baskets, suspended to the ceiling by silken cords; music went pulsing through the saloons from a skillful band, stationed in a pavilion draped with crimson and gold, and the whole palace seemed literally bathed in light. Beside, the elite of the

republic and the particular friends of the Bonaparte family gathered there—

"The beauty and chivalry of France,
There proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage."

Jewels flashed at every movement of the wearer, plumes swayed with every toss of the stately head, to which they lent a still more imposing aspect; heavy brocades and velvets rustled as gently as the blossoms of a tropic wood, when a faint breeze steals through its dim aisles, and fans waved to and fro, softly stirring the perfumed air. Bright eyes sparkled, red lips dimpled into smiles, and all watched with deep interest the bridal of Madame Bonaparte's daughter.

A page announced the approach of the wedding party, and Napoleon moved into the private chapel in full dress and wearing the Order of the Legion of Honour on his breast, while Josephine followed, leaning on the arm of Louis. Hortense wore a train of white velvet, and a robe of rich lace, looped up at the sides with sprays of pearls; her golden hair was arranged after the fashion of the times, and gleamed through the powder which was a part of a lady's coiffure, like sunlight through the morning mist; diamonds blazed on the white arms and neck, and the wreath of orange blossoms, the fleecy veil, and the dainty gloves and slippers completed her costume.

The train of bridesmaids, twelve in number, formed one of the most brilliant features of the occasion. The first were relatives of the Beauharnais and Bonaparte families; next came Zoe with the gallant Marshal Lascelles, and the Pride of the Legion and Contesse Pauline.

To give color and piquancy to the scene, Zoe still wore her oriental costume, but the robe was of amber velvet, the scarf flung across her shoulders, looked as if it had been cut from a summer cloud, and her turban had been exchanged for a wreath of jasmine, its golden flowers encircling her head like the dim splendour of an aureole. Pauline Duchene had never been more regally beautiful than on Hortense Beauharnais' wedding night; and her blue robe, the coronet on her brow, and the jewels rising and falling above the triumphant pulsations of her heart, harmonized with her royal loveliness, and might have recalled to any reader of history wild legends of Boadicea, the Druid Queen. Both she and her brother Jean were in their most genial mood, and played their parts in the grand drama well.

The service now began; mass was said, and the seal of the bride's destiny fixed. One of Josephine's biographers has remarked that Hortense came to the altar like a victim to sacrifice, but be this as it may, her fate was inevitable, and she saw it was vain to weep over what "might have been." The rites ended, the guests advanced to offer their congratulations, and then the brilliant throng launched into the full tide of Parisian high life.

Zoe had mechanically watched the ceremony and afterwards listened to the compliments and witticisms of the marshal, but her heart was full of Claude Arnaud.

In the grand dressing-room, where the groomsmen and bridesmaids had met previous to the wedding, she had seen him offer his arm to Pauline Duchene, and had thought with a keen pang:

"It must be true—one of the ladies told me in confidence that Pauline Duchene disguised herself as a vivandiere and followed Claude into the Alps, and if he has not transferred his homage to her why should he appear thus in public? He is fickle as the changing wind, but I will not break my heart for an unworthy lover, neither shall he know through what a struggle I am passing."

With this resolve, she had joined the assemblage below, and mingled in the merriment that ensued, and at last, while she was loitering in the deep embrasure of a window, whither she had gone to fasten a bracelet, she found herself hard by her old lover. He was alone, as Pauline was promenading with a foreign ambassador, and both Zoe and the young man felt painfully constrained at what appeared to be a most unfortunate contretemps. He bowed, however, and said:

"Your fate tells its own story; you have had a pleasant evening."

"Delightful, Comte Arnaud."

"And I am sure it is no wonder; Marshal De Lascelles is a most gallant escort and entertaining companion; I have fully resigned you to him, and I hope you will be far happier than with me."

"Thank you for your good wishes," replied the girl, "and permit me to return your ring."

As she spoke she removed her glove, drew off the ring, and placed it in his hand.

"Mademoiselle," exclaimed the young man, "I have two keepsakes I once valued for the associations connected with them—a rose and a knot of violet,

flung me from a balcony of the Tuilleries, when we started on the Alpine campaign—what shall I do with them."

"Give them back to me, Comte Arnaud."

The young officer produced the memorable notebook, and gazed at it with a thousand tumultuous emotions. It was worn by constant use, and rust was settled on the quaint little clasp, and scarcely heeding what he said, he continued:

"There are many memories connected with this volume, and it has seen hard usage; it has been my companion amid the burning sands of Egypt, and in the busy streets of Paris, and where the avalanche comes thundering down the mountains, and the chamois bounds. It was with me at the battle of Marengo, and when I fell, my note-book was not exposed to stranger eyes. Here, here are your flowers, Mademoiselle Zoe."

Like a person moving in a feverish dream the girl received the keepsakes, and perhaps all might have been explained, and the lovers reconciled at that hour, had not Marshal De Lascelles appeared.

"La belle," Arnaud heard him murmur, "are you quite ready for another promenade?"

Zoe pointed to the bracelet, which had not yet been arranged, and bending over it, her escort gallantly fastened the clasp, blissing with a single topos. The next moment they had left the embrasure, and ere the long company had dispersed, the light burned dim in lamp and candelabra, the flowers were beginning to lose their freshness, and the statues gleamed faintly through the shadows. Zoe pressed an aching head upon her pillow, and the night wore wearily on.

The next morning she went back to Malmaison, for she did not feel equal to the task of meeting Claude Arnaud till she had in some degree regained her self control.

It was late in the day when Marshal De Lascelles came hurrying in, flushed, excited, indignant.

"Zoe, dearest," he cried, "I have had an interview with Madame Bonaparte, and she steadily refuses her sanction to our marriage."

"But she, nevertheless, allowed you to stand groomsman with me at her daughter's marriage."

"Yes, but she declares that was only on account of my rank in the army and the Republic, and her desire and the earnest wish of Hortense, to have you one of the bridesmaids. Sacre, I had not thought Josephine could be so firm in opposing whatever does not meet her approval."

"Did she give any reason for her course?" inquired the girl.

"At first she evidently tried to spare my feelings, but when I urged her for a direct reason, she said she did not think it a suitable match. In point of wealth and rank, she acknowledges I am more than your equal, but regards you as a misguided girl, who does not know what her best interests are."

The marshal paused an instant, and then resumed:

"Zoe, Zoe, I cannot give you up—in spite of Madame Bonaparte you shall be mine. Let us fly!"

The girl started from her seat, and paced the floor with restless step, till her mental conflict was ended, and her resolve taken.

"If you assent to my proposal," exclaimed De Lascelles, "come to my side once more."

Slowly the girl moved forward, and he drew her to him and went on:

"Zoe, I shall await you at midnight just beyond the clump of olives, where we have sometimes met."

"You shall not wait in vain," was the hurried answer, and the two parted; De Lascelles to make arrangements for immediate flight, and the girl to leave the home where she had lived and loved and suffered. Cautiously she traversed saloon and corridor, cautiously visited the room where she had met Arnaud on his return from Egypt, and the gardens where they had wandered, weaving hopes which had faded like the rose and violets he had restored to her. Thought roved back to the distant land, where he had risen before her in his manly strength and beauty, the ideal of her dreams, her young life's hero. She remembered the harvest of roses, the wild gallop over the plains in her behalf, the rescue from her thralldom at Cairo, the fearless plunge into the Nile, and the agony of those days, when he was stricken down with the plague, and she watched by him with love's devotion. Ah, that was an important era in Zoe's destiny, and years of anguish were crowded into the few brief hours that intervened between her and her projected flight.

The great ebony clock struck nine—ten, and now, as midnight drew on, how fast time flew.

"Heaven pity me," cried Zoe, "Heaven forgive me, but I cannot keep my word, neither can I stay longer to tax Madame Bonaparte's hospitality. I shall leave Malmaison, but not with Marshal De Lascelles; would it not be wrong to stand up at the altar and promise to love and honour him, when I still love Claude Arnaud?"

At midnight De Lascelles stood awaiting her at

the clump of olives, his steed champing his silver bits in his impatience to be away, but to his surprise and vexation, Zoe came not. In the most musical accents he called her name, but there was no reply, and at length he dashed off, muttering:

"By my faith, they have foiled me!"

Meanwhile Zoe was making her way towards Paris, with a weary, overwhelming sense of desolation. She had been delicately nurtured since her arrival in France, and never in her days of dependence and servitude in Egypt, had she been accustomed to hard toil, and more than once she sank by the roadside quite exhausted. A grisette, belonging to the household at Malmaison, had been her sole confidant, and furnished her with a garb of her own.

Thus disguised she entered the city, avoiding the vicinage of the Tuilleries, and hastening on to a quarter she had never before visited. The friendly grisette had an acquaintance, to whom she directed her, and in a narrow and obscure street, she found a four-story lodging. She had acquired considerable skill as a seamstress, and her landlady succeeded in procuring her needlework, by which she managed to gain her bread. But time hung heavy upon her, and she envied the blithe grisettes in the adjacent blocks, the flower-girls in the streets, and even the peasant women, who came with their cans of milk or baskets of fruit. In her wearisome toil, her strength and bloom wasted, and it was with quick and panting breath that she mounted the high staircase, winding up, up to her little attic. When the spring came, she absolutely yearned for light and air, and one day ventured into the Champ Elysees. The sky was glorious with promises of summer, and the "Elysian fields" had never looked more lovely.

The first consul was reviewing his troops, and among the officers riding along the lines, she recognised the Pride of the Legion. At a short distance stood the consular carriage, surrounded by a guard, and within sat Josephine, Pauline Duchene and two other ladies. At that moment the carriage began to move, and as it passed, Pauline perceived the emaciated form, and pale, thin face of the girl, crouched on the seat near. Pauline Duchene's cheek burned, and a tide of harrowing memories surged over her soul. How bright, how beautiful, how joyous Zoe had been at the first reception of the consul, and how changed she was now! Full well she knew who had embittered her life, who had written the anonymous letter, which asserted that Arnaud had fallen desperately in love with a fair vivandiere, and thus closed her heart against him on his return, and made her accept the attentions of Lascelles. Conscience whispered, and she could not stifle its voice. Her triumph at the estrangement of the lovers had been brief and unsatisfying; for notwithstanding her devotion, Arnaud still regarded her only as a friend, and there was no prospect that her prophecies would be realised. Claude Arnaud seemed to devote himself to his country, and the fairest of Madame Bonaparte's attendants smiled on him in vain.

With a heavy heart, Pauline went back to the Tuilleries, and day after day, and night after night, Zoe's white, wistful face, and wasted figure rose before her.

She had never suffered as she did then in her wild regret, her bitter penitence; and finally she set out on an almost hopeless search for the missing girl. She knew that she had not eloped with De Lascelles, as had been represented, her brother having been on terms of intimacy with him, but her history and her retreat, since she left Malmaison, was unknown. It may be, however, Heaven guide the penitent girl, for after a few inquiries, she found the street and number of her lodgings.

Eagerly she ascended the creaking stairs, but the attic was desolate, and the landlady chancing to appear on the next floor, told the disappointed visitor that "mademoiselle was gone."

"And where?" queried the lady in breathless anxiety. "She is not dead, I hope?"

"No, though she is very ill, and cannot live long; the woman who sells fruit and vegetables at the corner below, took pity on her, poor child, and carried her home."

"How far is it, madame?" continued Pauline. "Not more than a league, and I can direct you, for I have once been there myself."

Pauline slipped a handful of coin into the woman's hand, and after listening to her directions, set out on her strange errand.

She had not proceeded more than a third of the distance, when night closed in dark and stormy; but on, on she journeyed through the tempest; the rain beat against her face, and the wind played wild freaks with her fair hair, but she scarcely heeded these things in her strong desire to see Zoe.

In one of those picturesque houses tenanted by the French peasantry, Zoe had found a retreat, and as the night was chilly a fire had been kindled in the

great kitchen; its cheerful glow played over the oaken panels, the glass doors of the closet where the cherished flagons, tankards and china were hoarded, the little mirror with its dim frame and gay garland, and the pale face and shadowy hair of the young refugee, who sat by the hearth-stone. The children had retired, the good dame was busy with her evening cares, and the girl was thus left alone. Suddenly a door was flung open, admitting a gust of wind, and a tall female figure, wrapped in a long black cloak. Silently the lady advanced to the fireside, and the light shining full upon her, revealed the face of Pauline Duchene.

"Pauline Duchene!" gasped Zoe, springing to her feet; "what brings you here?"

"I came to seek an interview with you, Zoe," replied the visitor; "I have sought for you at your miserable lodgings in the city, to which Heaven guided me, I believe, and your landlady told me where you had found a refuge, and gave me the directions for my journey."

"And why? has anything befallen Claude Arnaud?"

"No, no, if I except his estrangement from you; but I have walked the whole distance from Paris to roll off the burden, which has hung so heavy upon my heart, at your feet."

"Dear, dear, lady, what mean you?"

"Zoe, you have been grossly deceived; Claude Arnaud has never loved another, and it was a cruel plot that estranged you!"

(To be continued.)

POISONING FROM LEAD IN VEGETABLES.

Dr. D. De Loos, of Leyden, writes to a German contemporary, that he was consulted in October last regarding certain symptoms of paralysis and nervous disturbance which suggested the idea of lead poisoning.

The symptoms occurred in a family residing in the neighbourhood of a place where a manufactory of white lead had stood twelve years previously; they made use of vegetables growing on the spot. In order to make it certain that the poisoning was produced, as he believed it to be, by the vegetables, Dr. De Loos examined chemically some red beet, endive, and carrots, and ascertained the presence of lead in all.

In a beet weighing 650 grammes, he found the equivalent of a centigramme of metallic lead; in another about the same size, 113 centigrammes; in six carrots, weighing altogether 272 grammes, there were 13 centigrammes of metallic lead; and the metal was also found in the endive.

The ashes of the plants also contained traces of copper, which had probably existed as an impurity of the lead.

STICK TO THE TRUTH.

TRUTH is the greatest security of life, and neither purse nor reputation can be safe if one lives amongst liars. But, of how many people whom you know, can you aver that you believe every word they utter? Very few.

If only wicked people told fibs it would not be so bad; but good sort of folk, who commit no other offence, will now and then be caught in falsehoods. And there are even more who, in telling a story, tell half of it, and so lie, as it were, by omission. The lie is not uttered, but it is one all the same. You have had a false impression produced upon your mind, often to some one's prejudice, and false witness is borne, and one of the commandments broken.

REUBEN;

OR,

ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER LVII.

"THANK Heaven you are safe, Mary!" breathed her father, devoutly.

Then, in a quick apprehensive voice, he added: "But come, my darling, before they come back."

"They? Who?" asked Mary, clinging to him.

"The ruffians who stole you, my darling," cried the old man, grinding his teeth.

"The ruffians?" repeated Mary, thinking only of her protector.

"Yes, yes. The scout—we found him and

punished him!" And he waved his hand towards the spot where they had left Lord Craven.

As he did so Mary saw that the hand was stained and wet with blood.

She started back and glared at it and at his face. "Come, my darling," said the old man, putting his arm round her, "you have nothing to fear. One of the scoundrels is dead. We three are a match for all the rest. But come."

Then a heartrending wail rose from the girl's white lips and, tearing herself from him, she sprang like a fleet-footed fallow deer through the undergrowth.

The father stared after her with apprehension and dismay.

Had her sufferings turned her brain?

Then, with his knife in his hand, he dashed after her, followed by the other two.

For a moment they missed her; then they saw her.

Where?

Kneeling, almost lying upon the blood-stained body of the man they had been cutting and hacking at.

"Mary, Mary!" cried the distracted father; and then paused horror-stricken.

For, turning her white face up to him and clutching the blood-stained hand of the lifeless man to her bosom, she wailed:

"You have killed him—killed him! Oh, go away! I cannot look at you! Oh, father, why didn't you kill me, for you have murdered the man who saved my life!"

With an exclamation of horrified dismay the farmer threw himself upon his knees beside the motionless figure, but the girl would not allow him to touch it.

"Keep off! keep off!" she wailed. "You shall not touch him—you have killed him and you shall not touch him! No one shall lay a finger on him but me! Oh, Walter, Walter, Walter!"

Then, with frenzied despair, she tore the gag from his mouth and hurled it from her with a passionate, indignant sob.

Then, tearing open the woollen shirt, she leapt to the spring, soaked the handkerchief which she had worn round her neck and washed the blood from the road chest.

The farmer, with white face and trembling hands, now beckoned the other men, who looked scared to death, to his side, and they lifted the limp form between them.

Mary seemed to be too much absorbed to notice or care what they were doing, but even while they carried him hung over him and tried to wipe the blood from the wounds on his arms and shoulders.

Very carefully, almost ludicrously so in contrast to the rough way in which they had used him but a few minutes before, they carried Lord Craven to the camp fire, and there set to work with might and main, and tried to bring back some sign of life, all the while following the directions of Mary as if they were children.

The father remained silent and white and startled, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the occasional sob or wail of the almost heart-broken girl.

Every now and then, as some fresh knife wound revealed itself, she would stop to wring her hands in despair and call upon his name. Her whole heart and eyes and lips seemed to fix themselves upon the white, pallid face beneath her.

Suddenly the drained lips fluttered.

"He lives!" shrieked the girl.

The farmer shook his head.

"Do not hope against hope, my darling," he murmured, brokenly. "It was the play of the fire-light."

"No, no—he lives!" she cried, in a gasping voice. "Do you think I could be deceived? Water, water—give me the brandy. Oh, father, my life it is that is ebbing away there. If he dies, I cannot live!"

"My darling, forgive me—forgive me," moaned the father.

She almost snatched the brandy from him and forced a few drops through the pale lips.

A convulsive shudder ran through the giant frame, and then there opened upon the tear-bedewed face above a pair of hollow, dreamy eyes.

The girl pressed her hands to her mouth to prevent the cry of joy escaping.

If Heaven had opened instead of those dark eyes, she could not have been more gladdened.

The farmer and his men exchanged glances of thankfulness, but drew a little apart, fearing to startle the now conscious man.

Lord Craven looked up and instinctively clutched her hand.

"Mary," he breathed, in a hollow voice, "you are safe."

"The first thought for me," sobbed Mary, breaking down. "Oh, Walter, Walter!"

"Hush, don't cry," said Lord Craven, with a look of pain. "Don't cry. It's nothing—nothing. I've had worse falls from a horse. Where are we? Are you safe?"

"Yes, yes. Do not think of me."

"Hush," said Lord Craven. "There were three of them. Where are they? How comes it that you—you—that you are here?"

Then Mary beckoned to her father.

"Oh, Walter," she moaned, "can you forgive us? It was my father."

"Your father," breathed Lord Craven, with unbounded astonishment. Then he held out his hand, and a smile lit up his face.

"What an idiot I was! Can you forgive me, sir. I hope you were not hurt."

This made the farmer break down, and with a sound oath he grasped Lord Craven's hand.

"You're a noble fellow, sir," he said, then turned aside with a gulp.

Lord Craven was about to reply when an exquisite feeling of languor seemed to envelop him as if in a cloud, and he sank back.

The three men retired on tiptoe, waved away by Mary's hand.

She rose, threw some more wood on the fire, covered the wounded man with the saddle-cloths, and pillowing his head upon her knee, bent over him like a ministering angel.

The night glided slowly on, and Lord Craven still slept the sleep which was restoring him to life.

Once he dreamed that a pair of velvet lips were pressed against his, and a smile of joy and peace flitted over his face.

That dream repaid him for all—but perhaps it was not a dream!

There is no medicine like youth and hope. Lord Craven possessed both, and his recovery was rapid.

A very small cut will produce a great quantity of blood, as every one knows, and although Lord Craven's knife wounds were anything but small, yet they turned out to be less formidable than had been at first supposed.

Before many days had passed he was able to sit up, and even walk, and at the end of a week when, amidst much shouting and rejoicing, the two cattle-runners returned with a light box-cart and some horses which they had been despatched to bring, Walter was well enough to declare that he was able to take to the saddle.

But the farmer would not hear of that.

"No, no, lad," he said. "You shall ride with Mary in the cart. Come, you won't vex her." And Lord Craven seeing by her face that she desired it, not at all reluctantly gave way.

During those seven days the farmer had told his story, and explained how it was that he had escaped the general massacre at the farm.

He had gone south to inspect a farm which a man wished to sell. He had come to terms with the man, and, after settling, had returned to find his old farm ransacked, his cattle driven away, and, worse than all, his daughter, the pride of his life and the apple of his eye, gone.

His grief may be imagined. Without the loss of an hour he, accompanied by two trusty cattle-runners, had set out in pursuit.

They had ridden so hard and fast that their horses had given in, and, too impatient to wait for them, they had pursued the way on foot.

A piece of Mary's dress had led them to the track, and they had come up with Lord Craven as described.

His gratitude to the man who had rescued his daughter from death and worse could not find words, and he declared, after hearing Lord Craven's story, that he would find the noble-hearted Arthur, if he spent every sheep he had in the search.

Gratitude soon merged into affection, for the farmer, who had seen more of the world than Mary, quickly divined what the girl herself did not know—that she loved her preserver passionately, and the farmer hoped in his heart that her love was returned.

However that might be, he could see that Walter Wildair was a gentleman, and he could see besides that he was as brave as he was gentle and considerate.

The farmer sent off the two cattle-runners to prepare the way and to bring the box-cart with plenty of cushions, and to let the people at the farm understand that Mary was found.

He knew that a welcome would await them, and rode beside the cart as happy as a father could be.

"I wouldn't mind losing two farms for such a result as this," he said, wiping his honest brows and chuckling.

And Mary? If she was happier than ever, she was certainly much quieter, and the blush which made her so beautiful rose oftener to her clear olive cheek.

Lord Craven, extended at full length on the straw at the bottom of the cart, would smoke his pipe and look up at her, watching her and imbibing love's draught at each glance.

Sometimes she would look at him, and then the blush would come, and she would avert her eyes quickly, as if caught in some great crime.

Ah, Mary was rapidly passing that brook which divides maidenhood from womanhood, and Love was leading her by the hand.

As for the men, they literally worshipped the hero who had saved their Miss Mary, and many a one would ride up to the cart and give him a grin, nod, which meant more than ordinary men's shake of the hand.

It is pleasant to dwell upon the happy period of Lord Craven's life.

All the past seemed a myth and a dream, this only a happy reality.

At last the cortege neared the cattle farm. Crowds of children came rushing out, dogs barked the driver cracked his long whip, and then the comfortable homesteads appeared in sight.

The cart stopped and was immediately surrounded by half-a-dozen women, who, crying and laughing, made a dash at Mary.

She was borne off in the twinkling of an eye, as a loud and deep cheer rose to welcome the preserver and hero.

It was some time before the farmer could get Lord Craven clear of the crowd of rejoicers.

At last he managed to smuggle him into the parlour, where a glorious meal was awaiting them.

A feast had been provided for the men and servants, and they trooped off to enjoy it in a barn, which in size and importance would have made even an English farmer envious.

The farmer and Lord Craven were left alone waiting for Mary.

"Well, Walter," said the farmer, grasping his hand. "Welcome home; for home this shall be for you if you will have it so. I'm a rich man as times go—there's three more farms besides this—and half of what I have is yours, if you'll be my partner!"

Lord Craven could scarcely find words for a minute or two.

At last he said:

"No, that would not be right; you know nothing of me."

"I know you saved my Mary's life, and that's enough for me!" said the farmer, hotly.

"Again and again I must deny that!" said Lord Craven, smiling. "I could not take advantage of your good heart!"

"You won't go!" said the farmer, with dismay.

"No, if you'll have me I'll stay and be your pupil. Let me learn my business before I become partner; then if you think I am honest and capable, why you can repeat your offer!"

He was too high-minded to tell the honest farmer that he was rich enough to buy twenty such farms, for that would have been robbing him of his pleasure.

The farmer wrung his hand warmly.

"Now I know you're a honest man," he said, with delight. "Hush, here comes Mary, let's keep it a secret from her."

Mary entered with a blush, which, perhaps, Lord Craven's look of deep admiration was some excuse, for certainly if she had looked beautiful before, her beauty seemed marvellous now that it was set off by a clean dress of some soft white material, her dark hair bound round in one thick, heavy coil, with a crimson flower nestling in its silken tresses.

What a meal that was! and what a delicious sight to see Mary modestly discharging the duties of hostess, her shy eyes resting for a moment upon her hero's tanned face, as she passed him a glass of wine which would have put many a banker's port to the blush, or cut for him, with her own small hands, a crust of the white, tempting loaf.

A meal to be remembered, and Lord Craven never forgot it.

At an Australian cattle-farm there is no time for idleness: be merry, if you will, but work as well as rejoice, or the intricate machinery of life will get awry.

Lord Craven set to work at once, and as he had a will to learn, soon picked up equatorial lore; knew how a cattle-run should be undertaken; and acquired the art of counting a flock to within ten while they were scouring across a plain.

The men about the place were only too ready to acknowledge him over them, and he soon gained the confidence of the farmer, who had grown to look upon him as a son.

Mary he did not see so much of as he could have wished, for she had gone to pay a visit to a neighbouring farm; and in her absence Lord Craven found how much he loved her.

"Absence makes true love grow fonder."

False love will fade away, starved to death.

Why did not Lord Craven declare his love? For two reasons.

He was not sure that Mary loved him, and he felt a reluctance to speak of love while the fate of that friend whom he loved like a brother still remained a mystery.

One evening the farmer, as he sat in his big chair by the window, from which he could see some of his beloved sheep, scanned the face of his future partner, and coughed.

"Walter," he said, "you look down. The house seems quite dull lately."

"Mary is away!" said Lord Craven, with a smile.

"Aye, but she'll be back soon, lad; it isn't that that weighs on you; come, I know!"

Lord Craven shook his head.

"I miss her, sir," he said.

"Aye, aye, so do I," said the farmer, ruefully. "But you're thinking of that high-spirited friend of yours! Come, come, don't deny it!"

"I can't," said Lord Craven, smothering a sigh, as he walked to the window, and gazed absently over the plain. "I am selfish enough to remain here, lazy and happy, while he — Heaven! where is he?"

"Ah!" said the farmer. "Well, then, to tell you the truth, I'm as anxious to find him as you are yourself, and what's more, I've sent twenty runners in different parts of the compass to look for him; and I've offered a reward of fifty pounds to the first man that comes across him!"

Lord Craven turned, his face all aglow.

"You have! Heaven bless your kind, thoughtful heart! Fifty pounds; it's like your generous soul, and I'll add another fifty! Fifty! I'd give all Woolcot to hold him by the hand again!"

"Woolcot! What's that?" asked the farmer.

"Eh?" said Lord Craven. "Oh—"

And muttering something he hurried from the room, as if his feelings could not find vent inside the house.

Five hundred and fifty pounds could not have found Arthur the digger—or Reuben the Gipsy—in Australia, for the simple reason that at that moment he was crossing the Atlantic, homeward bound for dear old England.

On the night that Olive had received the mysterious and startling communication from old Wella, a stalwart figure dressed in the garb of a seaman, but an air about him which seemed to mock at his habit, stood in one of the busy thoroughfares of the great London.

The face handsome, as one of the old Roman statues, and turned to a rich tint by sun and weather, wore a settled air of grave and somewhat sad contemplation, and, but for the erect figure and broad shoulders that seemed strong and resolute enough to bear the worst, one would have said dejected.

As he stood by the pavement, his eye fixed on a glittering shop, and evidently looking far through and beyond it, the people bent on business or pleasure pushed against him, and sometimes murmured angrily at the obstruction.

But their words were lost on deaf ears, and their jostling might have been like so many pelting feathers.

Like a rock he stood, deaf to all sounds, lost in thought.

At last with a half smile and laugh he turned aside.

"I don't know where to go, how should I!" he murmured to himself. "I feel as if I were in a strange land and could not speak its language. Strange," he continued, with a half-amused, half-sorrowful smile. "I left England without a penny in my pocket, and here I am back after all these years about as poor," and he drew a small handful of silver and coppers from his pocket. "And so it should be! What have I to do with money? I can work for my living as I worked my passage over! And now, as I think of it here, in the streets among these people of whom I know not one single soul, I ask myself why did I return? Why? Why? Because something within me kept dimming at my heart. Go back, go back! Just as it did that night on the hills, when it said: Go down, go down! I went down and I found Lord Craven, dear old Walter. Ah, dear me, where is he now? Did he live, did he save that beautiful girl? Who knows! Ah me, little did he

think that the man he called friend—and sometimes brother—was Reuben the Gipsy, the vagabond!"

He wandered on, and the lights grew less frequent, his solitary situation grew upon him still more intensely, and his train of thoughts grew more bitter.

"Idiot that I am to come back?" he murmured. "I was of use there! What use am I here? Can I deceive myself! I still love that star above me, and my love has drawn me here. Aye, I love her! It is for her sake that I am poor and penniless—let me revel in the thought. Yes, Olive, my worthless gold gave you liberty; is it unpardonable that I should long for just one glimpse of you in your happiness! I could steal down there and see her face from behind a hedge or tree, I could perhaps hear her speak! No! I will not be tempted? Let me look at myself! I the penniless, common sailor—for I am no better!—what have I to do with Olive Seymour of Dingley Hall!"

"Yet she would welcome me. Yes, let me be sure of that. Her father would press the gold upon me, would overwhelm me with his gratitude, and then—what then? I should still be Reuben the Gipsy, and be no nearer the goddess I worship. Away with the temptation!"

He grew wild with himself at this point, and shut his lips tightly.

"Why am I here? Back to your woods, savage—England is no place for you!"

Lost in his bitter meditation and regardless of his path, he came into collision with something, and a cry of dismay from before him proclaimed it to be a child.

"Hallo!" he said, stooping and picking up a little cat of a girl. "I haven't hurt you, little one, I hope?"

"No, sir," replied the child. "But, oh dear-mad you've upset the brandy." And she looked down ruefully at an almost empty cup in her hand.

"So I have, clumsy fellow that I am!" said Reuben, reproachfully, and he stooped down to stroke the child with a strong man's tenderness.

"What shall I do?" said the child. "And she's so ill, sir; and I wasn't to be long."

"Ill? Who? Come, there is some money for some more. Run and get some, little one." And he placed half-a-crown in her hand.

"I shan't want all this. Its only half a quartern, please, sir," she said.

"Then you may keep the change, my dear," said Reuben, and, with another smiling nod, he strolled on.

The child, after a pause of incredulous delight, darted off.

Reuben turned a moment to look after her, then stopped.

She was the first person he had spoken with, and he was so lonely, so full of a yearning for something to interest him that he was actually reluctant to lose sight of her.

He waited, and presently the child came out, carefully carrying the brandy.

She smiled as she saw Reuben, and, child-like, said:

"I've got it. See!"

"And who do you say it is for?" asked Reuben.

"Our lodger, sir," replied the child. "She's very ill, oh, very ill. Mother says as she don't think she'll get over it. Ain't it a pity, sir, for she's such a pretty lady?"

"It is," said Reuben. "And where do you live?"

"In the next street, sir."

Something prompted Reuben to inquire next:

"And what's the sick lady's name?"

"Mary, sir," said the little girl. "Poor thing! Mother says she ain't got a friend in the world!"

Reuben nodded.

"Do you think," he said, "I could do any good? I'm not a doctor"—and he smiled—"but I've seen a great many sick people."

The girl shook her head.

"I don't know, sir. You can ask mother. Here's our street."

Side by side the strong, stalwart man and the little London child walked down the long street, with its regular, squalid houses.

Presently the child stopped and pushed open a door, calling:

"Mother, mother!"

No answer followed, and the child turned to Reuben.

"Mother's gone out, sir, I s'pose. But the lady's upstairs, sir, if you'd like to see her."

Reuben hesitated.

His kindly, tender-hearted nature prompted him to go through with the adventure, but his doubts as to how his visit might be received stayed him.

Slipping another coin in the child's hand, he was

about to turn away, when, with a suddenness which sprang from a mysterious impulse, he said:

"Poor thing! I'll go up." And he ascended the rickety stairs with a quiet step.

It was pitch dark, but his groping hand came against something that by feeling he found to be a door.

Hesitating a moment, and with a strange feeling of dread and misgiving, he found the handle and turned it.

CHAPTER LVIII.

In this practical, scientific age, when most things on the earth and the waters under the earth are explained and accounted for, those obstinate sensations, presentiments still remain to plague and puzzle.

Why do you, when riding on the knife-board of an omnibus, suddenly think of some old school-fellow whom once you loved and interned with as brothers never could have done?

While we are thinking of that boy, who has been absent from our thoughts for years, there climbs to sweat beside us a mutual friend, who in the first five minutes tells us that the boy we were thinking of died last week.

We start in the morning for business with a heavy, threatening presentiment of coming ill, and it comes. Stroke and down, things have gone wrong—the presentiment is verified.

Some such feeling of a coming shock to heart and brain did Reuben experience as he stood with the handle of the half open door in his grasp, half reluctant, half anxious to enter.

A sigh, deep and restless, dispelled his irresolution.

He entered and moved as softly as his heavy boots would allow him to the side of the bed.

As he did so the little girl who had been the cause of this visit entered with a candle, and, setting it down upon a rickety chair, murmured something and ran out again.

Reuben stood beside the bed and bent down.

"Do you feel any better?" he asked. "Can I do anything for you?"

At the sound of his voice the sick woman paused in her weak restlessness and turned her face towards him with an expression of alarm and dismay.

"Who is that? Whose voice is that?" she breathed, heavily.

Reuben bent low to catch the words.

"I am a stranger," he said, gently. "I am very sorry to see you so ill. Will you let me have your hand?"

"Are you a doctor?" asked the sick woman, slowly and with a look of restless doubt.

"No," said Reuben. "But I have tended sick people, and I might be able to give you some relief."

He stopped, for the woman shrank back suddenly, with a low cry.

"Keep back!" she wailed, "keep back! Do not touch me! Go—do not look at me! Go!"

A sudden thrill and pang ran through Reuben's heart.

He trembled and stared at her.

"Who is it?" he asked, and instinctively he stretched out his hand and reached the candle.

As he raised it the sick woman put up her thin, emaciated hands before her face.

The movement came too late.

"Polly!" exclaimed Reuben; and he sank on to the chair with a sick feeling of sorrow.

The girl nodded.

"Oh, why did you look?" she moaned, "why did you not go? Oh, Reuben, Reuben!" And, too weak to sob, she clasped her hands as the tears flowed from her large, feverish eyes.

"Hush, hush!" whispered Reuben, bending over her and soothing her as he would have soothed a child. "Don't cry, Polly. Thank Heaven rather that it is I—a friend, a true friend, Polly. Thank Heaven I came. It is Providence itself that brought me here. Hush, hush! Quiet, Polly, my poor girl, you are all safe now."

Poor Polly turned her tearful eyes upon him with a gesture of despair.

"Too late! too late!" she breathed. "I am dying, Reuben!"

"No, no," almost wailed Reuben. "You are young and—and strong: You'll get the better of this, I know. What is it? Is it fever, Polly? I have seen it and fought it many a time. Dry your eyes, Polly. Remember I am here—a friend."

"A friend," she said, as she tried to draw her hot, wasted hand from his reassuring grasp. "You would not say that if you knew all. I am not worthy your

kindness, I have no right to have a friend on earth or in heaven!" And she turned her face away.

Reuben shuddered and his lips tightened.

"Tell me nothing," he said. "I want to know nothing. Think of yourself, Polly, and look at me."

She turned to him her wan, piteous face.

"Reuben," she said, faintly, "do not deceive yourself. No hand, not even your good, strong, noble one, can pluck me from the grave." And as she spoke she drew his hand to her lips.

Reuben's face twitched.

"Hush," he said. "I can't think that—that you are so bad. Let me go—"

With a look of pitiable alarm she clung to his arm.

"No, do not leave me—do not let me die alone! I am happy now, Reuben, with you near. Let me be—let me be! Stay with me; it is all I ask! Too late, too late!"

"I will stay, fear not," said Reuben, soothing her. "But I must send for something." And he crept to the door and called the girl.

Hastily scribbling some words on a piece of paper, he said:

"Run, my child, to the nearest doctor and give him this. Run quickly and I will give you this."

And he held up a half-sovereign.

The child bounded away, and he returned to the bed.

"Too late, Reuben," breathed Polly, looking up at him gratefully. "No doctor can save me; and I wouldn't have him do it if he could. I'm not fit to live."

"Hush, don't say that, Polly," he breathed.

"There's life for all."

"Not for me," she moaned, "not for me. I killed my father—the father that loved me better than he did ought else in the world. Reuben, I did worse than kill him—I drove him mad!"

Reuben looked at her, white and terrified, then a stern look came into his eyes and his breath came quick and fast.

Who had done this? Who was answerable for this poor faded flower, dying and trodden under the world's hot, dusty feet? Who was answerable for this?

Some beast in the shape of man. But who?

"Mad!" breathed Polly, "yes, mad! Can you still stay, Reuben, now you've heard that? Oh, I am the wickedest, vilest wretch on earth! But I must tell you—I must. I can't die and leave the wrong and the sin to go on. All the world is a falsehood. There is nothing good in it—nothing. Forgive me, Reuben. You are good. If I had but trusted you that night—that dark, dreadful night, when—when—"

"Go on, child," breathed Reuben.

"You remember," she said, looking up with half-vacant eyes. "When I met you at the stile. Yes, it was the night you left Dingley, Reuben, and you asked me not to say that I had seen you when I got home. Reuben, you told me to go home—oh, it was Heaven's voice speaking to me, and I turned a deaf ear to it! I didn't go home, Reuben, I went to destruction!"

Reuben's hand trembled.

"On that night—that night," she wailed, putting her disengaged hand before her eyes. "I see it now. I hear the clatter of the horses—I can see the lights of the great town, this hideous London—I can hear his voice whispering his falsehoods—falsehoods in my buzzing brain! Oh, that night!"

Reuben stifled a groan, but uttered no word, lest one might check the lost child's story of man's cruelty and woman's shame.

"Reuben, I loved him—I loved him and I trusted him. He swore that I should be his wife, and—and I trusted him. Oh, I loved him so that I thought he could not deceive me. And he was kind—he was kind to me. Nothing was too good for me—silks and satins and horses, and a grand house. But with it all I was not happy. A dreadful fear and doubt clung to me. Reuben, I cried always when I was alone, I—I grew pale and dull looking, so he said, and one day, when he came in and found me crying I told him how wretched I was, and asked him to keep his promise. Reuben, he laughed at me—called me a simple idiot; and—and I saw that he had never loved me. What did I say to him? Hot, angry words that angered him, for—for don't look at me, Reuben—he struck me!"

On Reuben's brow cold drops of sweat stood like beads.

His face was fearful in its wrath and thirst for vengeance.

"He struck me, Reuben. He was mad—he didn't know what he did. He was always hasty like, and I angered him—oh, yes, I angered him, for—for he



[LOVE'S RESCUE.]

never came near me again!" And, with a sob the poor soiled flower once more hid its face.

"Polly," said Reuben, in a voice that might have been a ghost's, so hollow and strained was it. "Tell me his name, child."

"His—his name," she whispered, faintly. "Don't you know? It was him, Reuben—who else could it be?"

"Who—who?" gasped Reuben.

"Morgan Verner," answered the thin lips.

Reuben's teeth closed on his lip and bit it through.

"Morgan Verner," he breathed, and the words were so full of blood-thirstiness that they were more bodeful than the most elaborate threat.

With a cry which drained her of almost all her remaining strength, the dying girl raised herself in bed and clung to Reuben's breast.

"Reuben, you mean him harm—don't deny it! I can see your face." And she shuddered. "Swear to me that you will not harm him—swear to me. I will not leave hold of you, alive or dead, until you swear that you will not touch him. What is it to you? He did not hurt you—it is me—he has hurt, and I say I will not have him harmed. Oh, blisters on my tongue, that—that I should have told you, but I did it!"—and her voice grew huskier—"that Miss Olive might—might not marry him. Ah!"—for Reuben had started as if an adder had stung him—"Reuben, you see you cannot touch him—you would not let the world know that Miss Olive's betrothed had played false to her, and left her for a poor girl like me! Swear you will not let him marry her—and that you will not harm him!—swear to me, Reuben, or be wretched for ever with the memory of a dying creature's prayer! You can't refuse me! Reuben—am—dying—swear!"

Her head fell back upon his arm; her eyes—turned up to his face with fearful, awful pleading—drew the oath from him.

"I swear," he said, "I will not touch him—I leave him to Heaven!"

With a long-drawn sigh, the troubled spirit took its last flight, and poor, simple Polly lay dead on Reuben's breast.

There lay Polly, and where was her murderer? For Morgan Verner was as surely answerable for the poor girl's blood as if he had stabbed her.

Where should such a fortunate, fashionable, careless gentleman be, but at his club?

While Reuben stood lost in grief, despair, and a burning desire for vengeance, beside the motionless victim of a weak villain's fancy, Morgan was sitting at the card-table, wrapped in a gambler's ecstasy.

That night on which saw Polly die, was an unlucky one for her deceiver; the cards would not come right, the play went wrong; with an infatuation which a gambler alone understands, he kept increasing, doubling the stakes.

At his elbow stood wine, and not unfrequently it was raised to his hot, parched lips.

The room half filled by men as vicious, but more cunning than himself, laughed and joked with each other at Verner's recklessness.

He had been curbed and chained at Dingley Hall; had been kept under and made to play propriety for a space, and this was the reaction.

With hot and quivering hands he clutched the cards, which seemed to grow indistinct and conglomerate before his reeling eyes.

With harsh, excited voice, he called for more wine—higher stakes.

He was among men who were only too eager to gratify him.

"Confounded luck!" he exclaimed. "I'll play till it changes!"

"That's right! You're flush to-night, Morgan, my boy!" said his companions. "We've quite missed you lately. Been playing the saint down in the country, we hear! By Jove! no wonder you felt hipped. Do we play again?"

"Play; yes, of course!" shouted Morgan, glancing round the room at the dozen or so of his boon companions. "You thought I'd left the gay world, did you? But I haven't yet, and by Heaven, I never will! They think they are going to chain me up in an old county den like a tame monkey! But they're mistaken! Give me the wine—whose deal? Mine, is it? Well, here's luck. Confound it!" and he gnashed his teeth, as the wrong sort turned up. "I'm out of luck, to-night—no matter!"

"No matter, indeed!" said one of the players. "You've had plenty of luck up to this time, and plenty more! With such a prospect, my boy, you ought to be a happy man; there isn't one here who doesn't envy you! The handsomest girl and the largest estate in England."

"Here's to their health!" hiccupped another. "May the one help you to forget past loves, and the other pay your debts!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the group.

"I say, Morgan," said another winking behind his back, "what have you done with that pretty little girl who used to ride beside you in the Park. Pretty Polly, I mean!"

With tipsy gaiety he sang out:

"Polly was my heart's delight—
I've left her all forlorn,
Poll—"

Morgan Verner started to his feet, and glared round him.

"Shut up," he yelled, and his face went white with passion. "Who asked you to interfere in my business? What's it to you where Polly's gone?"

"Nothing!" retorted the man, with a smile. "Don't take on so, Morgan, my boy; I don't know where she is, and I don't care, the more do you, eh?"

"Not he!" laughed another, clapping him on the shoulder.

"Begone, dull care, eh, Morgan; that's your motto! By Jove! I saw her looking like a ghost—pining after her dear Morgan—hah, hah! Sit down, my boy, and have another glass of wine!"

But Morgan would not sit down—he stood glaring before him, with half dazed, half horrified stare.

"Sit down—finish the game!" cried the voices.

"Saw her—saw her—the other night—Polly!" he stammered, looking straight before him; then with a shudder he dropped into his chair.

"Give me some more wine!" he shouted, hoarsely, with a fearful oath.

Then draining the glass they held out to him with a laugh he flung it from him, and with a drunken laugh, fell across the table.

His friends caught the candles, and looked at each other with shrugs of the shoulders and grins of amusement.

"He's mad as a March hare, to-night!" said one. "Never saw him go it so strong! Look what he has drunk—"

"And lost too!" added another, as he folded the IOU's Morgan had given him.

"Well, he can afford it—that's a comfort. Let's take him home!"

And so Morgan Verner was lifted insensible, and placed by his kind friends upon his bed, with, who knows, what awful vision of the dead face, not many streets off, haunting his mean, cowardly heart.

(To be Continued.)



[THE INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER.]

THAT YOUNG PERSON.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"SHE was very pretty," began the mother, sadly, yet with a certain pride, "she had such bright blue eyes and long soft hair. I used to like to curl it round my fingers when she wore a little one, and make her like a lady; I didn't rightly know what I was a doing of."

"We lived down in the country; and when I lost my good man and was obliged to leave the farm, I took a little cottage for 'Liza and me, and I thought we'd always live there together. She was so pretty, my 'Liza, and she had them soft ways just like a lady; and when she spoke it was low and clear, and she didn't go a blundering like I do."

"Many's the man that wanted her, for you see there was no one like her in all the village, but she didn't like any on 'em. And I was glad enough to keep her with me. We were so happy together, my little 'Liza and I."

"Well, missie, I never gave it a thought. I see she was changed like; she was always a wanting to go in the village, and when she was at home she would sit for hours holding her dear head in her hands, and never saying a word. But I was old and foolish, and never thought of anything till she was gone."

"Gene," repeated Janet, "surely she did not leave you?"

"Aye, but she did. She loved me well, too, did my darling, but there was someone else as she loved better and she went with him."

"And did he love her?" cried Janet, strangely interested.

"Yes; she was so pretty, you see, and had such winning ways. And I suppose he thought as he could learn her to be a lady, and so they were married, and he brought her to London."

"But did not you come too?"

"No, child; he was a gentleman; he married 'Liza, but he'd have been ashamed to see me at his fine house, and so he made her give me up."

"How cruel!"

"Aye, it hurt me sore. But if my darling had been happy I wouldn't have minded. I couldn't stay down in the country, I couldn't bear the cottage without her, and so I came up to London. You see I was

afraid the difference between 'em was too great. I had a dread my darling might be neglected, and so I came."

"Did you know where she was?"

"Never a word; I only knew London. But he was rich, and I thought he'd be sure to take her about, and so I was always in the parks and them places where the grand folks go, a waiting and a watching to see her pass. She should never have seen me to trouble her, I only meant to bide my time and just catch a sight of her pretty face to help me to bear up. Missie, for three years I looked for her. I spent my days in it and my evenings, too. I was always in the streets."

"And didn't you find her after all?"

"I was a going home one night, after watching all the people into a theatre. I was about beginning to despair of it, I seemed to have been a looking for her so long and never getting any nearer, when, in one of them dark, dreary side streets, I see a young woman very poor and tired like, and I wondered what was the matter; she had fair hair just like 'Liza's, and when she turned her head, I see it was my darling."

"But where was her husband?"

"I never asked her a word, and she didn't tell me. She was a living in a little back attic, her and her child, and sewing night and day pretty well to keep life together. My pretty 'Liza, that had never been used to put her hand to a thing. Her face had a wasted look, and her eyes seemed too big for it; she wasn't but the shadow of what she had been, all her prettiness was gone, but it was my darling, and I had found her, so what did the rest matter?"

"How came she to leave her husband; wasn't he kind to her?"

"At first he was; he took her everywhere, and bought her a sight of things. It seemed he didn't know how to make enough of her, but after a while he tired of her; he was a great gentleman, you see, with heaps of rich friends, and by-and-bye he was always out visiting. I suppose he didn't like 'em to know he was married, so he never took her with him, and all the while she just pined and fretted at home. And when she wasn't gay and began to look worn and ill, he grew discontented, and she began to think he was ashamed of her, and one day they had high words, and he told her he was an idiot to have thrown himself away on a girl he could never show to his friends. He were in a passion, 'Liza said, or he never would have said it, but she took it serious, and while he was out she just took her baby and went."

"And was he not sorry—didn't he try to find her?"

"I don't know, anyhow, she never saw him after. I brought her and baby home, not here, but to where I was then. I thought in time she'd get better and be herself again, but she never did; she was always weak and ailing, and she fretted, for in spite of all she loved him still; at last one day she told me she were dying. I was scared, but I thought it was her fancy, till the doctor said the same, and then, when he told us there could nothing be done, she wrote to her husband. I didn't see the letter, but I mind well, poor dear, how she cried while she was a writing of it. I posted it myself that there should be no mistake, and then when it was gone she began to watch for him. I couldn't bear to see her when a knock came at the door, she would get so red and her eyes would sparkle till she was quite pretty. Night after night she'd say to me, 'he'll come to-morrow.' She just lived on the hope, and I couldn't think as he'd be so cruel as to disappoint her."

"At last, when a fortnight went by and he didn't come, she said to me quite mournful like, 'I'll not see him now; if ever he comes, mother, give him this letter, and ask him to be good to Bessie.' And it seemed as though she didn't mind the disappointment any more, and she was quite bright and cheerful like, and I thought, may be, she'd get better after all, but it wasn't to be, and the next morning she died with her hand in mine and her poor tired head on my shoulder."

"And Bessie?"

"Bessie's here with me; all I've left; never a word have I heard of her father, and sometimes I think as he's dead, for surely, however angry he was with my poor girl, he wouldn't have refused to say a good-bye to her when she lay a dying. I'd rather think he was dead than that he said 'No' to the very last thing she'd ever ask of him, her that worshipped the very ground he trod on. Ah, my poor 'Liza, my darling!"

The story of 'Liza formed a fresh bond of union between Mrs. Brett and her forlorn guest, Janet, who had received so much, was able to give something in return; it was not much, only sympathy—but sympathy coming straight from the heart is very precious; and Mrs. Brett loved Janet all the more because she had cried over the sorrows of her darling.

Janet dreaded the time when she should be well enough to re-commence the struggle she had already found so hard. She could not trespass long on Mrs.

Brett; she must soon leave the humble home that had been her refuge in her trial.

She could not pay for the hospitality she had received. And no money could have purchased the care and kindness that had been lavished on her; but she could relieve Mrs. Brett of the burden of her support and she must do so soon, though she would leave the warm-hearted widow and her pretty grandchild with regret.

It was a grand day for Mrs. Brett and Bessie when Janet came downstairs, and to the invalid herself. There was something delightful in the change of scene, it was so much pleasanter to sit by the fire in the cheerful kitchen, while Mrs. Brett bustled about preparing the tea, than to be all alone upstairs counting the patterns on the wall, or listening wearily to the monotonous ticking of the clock.

"You go right upstairs, Bessie," said the grandmother to her small assistant, "and ask Mr. D'Arcy to come and drink his tea along with us," then noticing that Janet flushed painfully, she added, "You won't mind him, my dear, he's been so anxious about you as anyone."

Presently Bessie reappeared in triumph, lugging Yowler in both her arms, and closely followed by Mr. D'Arcy.

Janet thought she had never seen a more inviting face when the old man came up to her side and shook hands with her, hoping she were better, just as kindly as though she had been a friend of his own.

"I brought Yowler," he observed, apologetically. "I hope you won't mind, Mrs. Brett."

"Not a bit, sir; 'Yowler'—she could never quite master the name of her lodger's favourite—is very welcome."

They all sat down to tea.

Janet remembered afterwards what a pleasant meal it was; how strenuously Mr. D'Arcy and his landlady avoided any subject that would remind her of how strangely she had become their inmate.

Mrs. Brett regarded her radiantly, Bessie came and rested her curly head on her lap, and Yowler, the proudest and most exclusive of cats, condescended to receive several pieces of toast from her fingers. Mr. D'Arcy was delighted.

"She is such a strange old cat," he said to Janet. "She has her likes and dislikes as well as the rest of us."

By-and-bye, when Mrs. Brett had announced that it was Bessie's bed-time, and disappeared with that young lady, Janet took courage.

She had an instinctive feeling that Gabriel D'Arcy might be trusted.

She could not be with him the proud, doating woman Gerald's falseness had made her for the rest of the world; to him and Mrs. Brett she must be herself—her former self—even as she had been with Mrs. Tracy.

"Mr. D'Arcy."

She spoke the words so low that they only just reached him.

He had been stooping to pick up Yowler's empty saucer, but he raised his head.

"What is it, my child?"

She was so young by the side of his seventy years, that no other address occurred to him.

"I am very lonely—I am very unhappy. I want advice—will you give it me?"

"Willingly."

"Will you tell me how to earn my own living? I cannot stay here. I am very poor. I must work. Will you tell me what to do?"

"My dear—forgive me. I am an old man—have you well considered, your friends may not have been very kind to you, but are you right to abandon them thus, to estrange yourself from them for ever? Will you not return to them, or, at least, consult them as to your future?"

"I have no friends."

"No friends!" he repeated, in a tone of surprise, as though he had not heard aright.

"I am an orphan; I have neither brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, no one cares what becomes of me. I—I was to have been married—" her voice trembled—"that is all over now. I must work; I must begin a new life, and try to forget all that has gone before."

He looked at her long and earnestly, then he laid his maimed hand on her dark head, and murmured: "Poor child, poor child."

"Don't, please," said Janet, with a sob, "don't be kind to me or you'll make me like you, and I don't want ever to like anything again. Tell me what to do; don't mind if it is hard, I am not afraid of work."

The frail figure looked little fit for it. His heart felt for her in her lonely future. He sighed and could not answer her demand.

"I don't do a great many things well," said Janet, simply, imagining his silence arose from doubts of her powers. "I can play and sing, and I know some-

thing of French and Italian if I have not forgotten."

"Could you teach music?"

"Yes; I am sure I could if I practised."

"I will try and find you some pupils."

"Oh, thank you, how good you are; but, Mr. D'Arcy, couldn't I do something else till the pupils come? I mustn't stay all this time here."

"Where else could you go?"

"To the workhouse," she said, bitterly; "it is the place for such lonely waifs as I," and she laughed that dreadful laugh that her troubles had taught her.

"I will tell you where you can go," he said, simply. "Come to me!"

"To you?"

"Yes; I am all alone in the world, so are you—I have no daughter, you are fatherless; why should we not try to cheer each other? I will do my best to take care of you—you cannot live alone. Why not come to me, and help to brighten the evening of my life?"

"But what could I do for you; you don't want me. I should be only a burden to you."

"You could play to me, sing to me, help me in my writing—for I have a great deal of copying to do—and when one gets to seventy, one doesn't work very quick. Oh, there are plenty of things you could do for me. And you should work, too, as you wished; the only difference would be that you would have a home, and I should be there to fill your father's place in taking care of you!"

"Are you sure you wish it?" she asked, doubtfully.

"I am sure I wish to make you happy. I am not rich; it is a very humble home I can offer to share with you. I have lived by myself ever since my mother died. It will seem like a new life to have a young, fresh face about me. I am always out of an evening, for I am prompter at the New Theatre, but it will be so pleasant to have you there in the old room, sitting, with Yowler, by the fire. Say, will you be my child?"

"Yes."

Nettie was alone no longer.

The old man bent and kissed her on the forehead.

"What am I to call you, my dear?"

"My name is Janet Clive."

"But you would rather not be called by it; it reminds you of the past," detecting the sadness in her tone.

"I am beginning a new life. I should like a new name. I want to forget the past; at home there was a picture, people used to say it was like me, it was called Nina; will you call me Nina, too?"

"Nina be it then, it is a name I used to know well when I was young, but I must be going. Good night, my child, good night. Come Yowler," but the old cat slept on at the foot of her new friend.

"I wish," said Nina wistfully, "you would leave Yowler here with me, I will take her up as I go to bed; it will seem like beginning to do something for you."

"Dear, dear," mused the old man, as he walked rapidly down Great College Street, "to think of that poor child all alone in the world, and glad even of the protection that I can afford her. How glad I am that I am a prompter, we shall be able to live quite comfortably now, especially if I dine out sometimes."

"How very good he is," thought Janet, as she creased Yowler, and that sedate animal condescended to purr in reply, "how strange it all is! I begin everything fresh, even with a new name."

When Mrs. Brett came downstairs, Janet tried to thank her for all her kindness, and then she told her of Mr. D'Arcy's offer.

"It'll be good for both of you," said the widow cheerfully. "If ever there was an angel as went about in a coat and trousers with a gingham umbrella under his arm, that man's one; you'll be able to cheer him up, and brighten him. Dear, dear, it's always best to be together, just half the battle; he'll take good care of you, and there's the little bedroom on the stairs that's just waiting for someone to go into it. It's a famous plan."

"But shan't I be a trouble to him—an expense?"

"If he has thought for you, you'll have a care for him, so that's equal anyhow. As to the expense, he's not rich, but he's never idle, and you'll be able to lend him a helping hand. It seems a kind of providence you two should come across each other."

And so Janet Clive passed away, and in the New Year there arose in her place Nina D'Arcy, quieter, graver, and older than Janet, a simple, graceful woman, very tender with the old man to whom she owed so much, making his home very happy; working too as she would not have had the courage to work only for herself, never idle, yet always finding time to talk to Mrs. Brett, to initiate Bessie into the mysteries of the alphabet, or to caress the old tabby cat, who gave her a large share of the affection hitherto reserved only for her master.

Our heroine was not unhappy, living so entirely for others she could not be.

But the strongest passions of her nature were slumbering, and not extinct.

There was a sober gravity, a dreamy abstraction about her she would not have had, if she had not missed the supreme happiness of a woman's life.

Gabriel D'Arcy loved her very dearly. He gave all the affection that had been so long hidden in his breast.

He seemed so much stronger to fight life's battle now he had her depending on him.

She revered him second only to the father she had lost.

"What should I do without you, uncle?" (so she had begun to call him). "Oh, how I wish I could do something for you just to show you that I am not ungrateful."

"You do a great deal, Nina. Think how happy you make me, and what pleasant times we have together."

Then she would smile and answer lightly, for she knew that to her uncle was his greatest joy.

CHAPTER XV.

THIRTEEN years had come and gone, bringing few changes to the house in Great College Street.

Gabriel D'Arcy was a very old man now. His step was slower, his forehead bowed. He had given up "dining out," and spent his days at home, but each evening still found him at his post at the New Theatre, and there was not a creature there, from the small calling to the manager himself, but would have missed the old prompter.

It was Nina now who taught at the establishment where her uncle had been musical professor. It was Nina now who copied Mr. Gordon's precious manuscripts, who worked early and late to pay back a little of the great debt of kindness she owed; and perhaps in all his life Gabriel had never been so happy.

His adopted child led a retired, isolated life, as removed from the fashionable whirl of London as though she had lived far away from the great capital. Very little news of past friends reached her.

She could not tell whether the Misses Dent still pursued their labours in favour of cannibals, or whether Mrs. Wild yet lingered on in suffering, and of the other two who so much more nearly had touched her destiny—the man she was to have married and the girl who filled her place, she had heard no syllable; but even to her humble home the name of Royal Tracy had penetrated.

She knew that he was famous, that he whose generous offer she had so proudly spurned was one of the most promising politicians of the day, that already people hung on his words with eager attention, and that his great mind, sound judgment and clear opinions would, if he so willed it, secure him a splendid career as a diplomatist.

But Nina thought little of this. She had never loved Royal Tracy. Now that her eyes were opened she saw the injustice she had done him; but their paths lay far enough apart, and she had a nearer anxiety that claimed all her care, which as yet she dared not name to Mrs. Brett and would hardly own to herself.

Her adopted uncle, the friend who had succoured her in her sorest need, was failing. Very soon he would be unable to go night after night to the New Theatre; more than half of their little income would thus be lost. How were they to replace it? Where the whole was only sufficient, how were they to live on less? It was not for herself she grieved, but for him. At his age he needed so many little comforts. They must pay their way; that way was narrow enough, now they could not make it more so by the most rigid economy.

One night when Mrs. Brett had turned into the little parlour where Nina sat alone, to indulge in the luxury of a cosy chat, she said, suddenly:

"What's the matter with Mr. D'Arcy, he don't seem well?"

"Oh, Mrs. Brett," cried Nina, her fears redoubled by finding another had remarked the change, she tried so hard to disbelieve. "Is he very ill? Is he going to—?"

The widow saw her mistake, and hastily interrupted her with:

"Good gracious, Miss Nina, don't think of such a thing. You mustn't go for to frighten yourself like that. It's only that he don't seem over strong this winter, and sure this cold is enough to try any one, and working so late at night ain't the best thing when one gets to seventy-three."

She sat and talked of other things, but she did not re-assure Nina.

"What shall we do, Pussy?" she cried to her

uncle's old favourite as soon as Mrs. Brett had left her. "What if we should lose him? Where should we ever find anyone else so good to us?" She sought vainly for any scheme that should render his toil unnecessary. She herself was never idle, but she was poorly paid, and her days would have required to be thirty hours long to make up by teaching the sum he received from Mr. Gordon. There was but one plan, an old cherished dream of her childish days; but its accomplishment seemed as doubtful that she had little hope.

Suddenly she rose to her feet and stood regarding herself long and earnestly in the small cheap mirror over the chimney-piece. It was very long since Nina had cared to look at herself.

She had valued her beauty only for Gerald's sake. It was not that she examined now. She wanted to see if it were easy to recognise Janet Olive in Nina D'Arcy.

For her wild, improbable scheme of gaining money she must first be certain of escaping the scrutiny of those she had known in other days, and she decided that she could venture.

She was right in her judgment; although she could not have told on what she founded it.

The passionate, impulsive, girlish Janet, with her thick falling curls, her vivid colour, her ardent smile and winning, child-like ways, was very different from this graceful woman of two-and-twenty. The face was oval now, and its glorious colouring was all gone. The skin was fair and white as the purest alabaster, contrasting well with the long dark-pencilled eyebrows and the ruby tinge of her lips. The smart hair was coiled in Grecian plaits around her small head. Her manners had a strange calm and dignity, her voice was fuller and deeper.

A passing resemblance to his sometime betrothed Gerald Duane could certainly detect, but she had no more to fear from his closest observations.

That night Gabriel found her still sitting by the fire when he returned.

"This should not be, child. You must not tire yourself like this when you are up so early."

"I like to wait for you," she whispered.

He kissed her fondly. Very dear was this child of his adoption to Gabriel D'Arcy.

She made him take the arm-chair by the fire, and then she sat down on a stool at his feet.

"How was your cough to-night?"

"Better, much better, dear. And it's a good thing, for we have another rehearsal of the new piece the day after to-morrow, and I shall want all my voice."

"I thought Miss Oriol was ill," observed Nina, who was well up in all the gossip of the New Theatre, though from some strange whim she had never consented to enter it.

"So she was," returned the old man; "but she is better."

"What is Mr. Gordon like, uncle?" asked Nina, a little absently.

"Oh, he's well enough. Quite a gentleman."

"Is he always at the theatre?"

"Not he, Nina. He loves his ease too well. He's generally there from ten till twelve and in the evening."

The next morning Miss D'Arcy put aside her copying a full hour earlier than usual.

"Going already, Nina. I thought you had so few lessons on a Wednesday."

"The sooner I go the sooner I shall be back, uncle."

Her heart beat quickly. An excitement had come at last in her tranquil life. She was going to make a great effort, and it cost her something.

Nothing but her love for the frail old man could have moved her to it.

She walked briskly in the fresh December air, and it was little more than ten when she reached the West End.

She knew the New Theatre very well. She had often passed it with her uncle.

After a few mistakes she discovered the stage door, and, ringing a bell, she boldly asked to see Mr. Gordon.

The doorkeeper surveyed her closely. His employer did not care to be lightly disturbed. The lady declined to give her name, her business was with the manager. She had no appointment, no letter.

The man stared, hardly knowing what to do.

"You cannot refuse to ask Mr. Gordon if he will see me," urged the intruder.

The voice had in it more of command than supplication, and the man, who would probably have been deaf to entreaties, was moved to do her bidding.

"What is it, Jones?" said Mr. Gordon, sharply enough, looking up from his letters as the man entered.

"There's a lady, sir, wants to see you particularly."

"A lady? What lady?" he asked, testily.

"She would not give her name, sir."

"You know well enough I never see any one without. Why on earth didn't you tell her so, stupid?"

"I did, sir, but she seemed not to heed it. She said at least I could ask you."

"What sort of person? Young?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, show her in and have done with it."

A moment after the manager saw a tall, graceful woman, a lady despite an extremely plain attire. He bowed, and placing her a chair, desired to know her business.

Almost trembling with earnestness, for it seemed to her a drama, Nina pleaded her desire to act.

Mr. Gordon was used to such appeals. The New Theatre was beset with would-be theatricals.

He answered, courteously but firmly.

"It is quite impossible, madam. Now-a-days the stage is the aim of ninety young ladies out of a hundred. There are almost as many amateurs as professionals on the boards."

"But professionals must have been amateurs once."

"He was surprised at such presumption; it was something new to him."

"Not at all," he replied, sharply, quite forgetting his politeness. "A professional, after a careful training, adopts the stage as a career. The amateur, without study or preparation chooses, it as a medium to display elaborate toilets and costly jewellery."

It was hard! As a child it had been her dream. She had worshipped everything connected with a theatre. Her engagement banished the desire, but of late it had returned tenfold. Not only had she a yearning for fame to satisfy the craving void in her heart, but she had hoped to help her uncle to the rest and ease he so needed.

"I am sure I should succeed if you would only try me," she said, bravely, rising from her seat, and half unconsciously turning back the thick veil from her face that she might breathe more freely in her suspense.

Mr. Gordon was not easily surprised, but he was amazed then. Why had his unknown visitor held back the best plea in her favour—her beauty, a beauty of such a rare and uncommon type, that were she the merest stick at acting, would suffer her to appear as a boy peasant or page, for the English rather admire a girl who, while attempting a boy's part, still contrives to look as much like a girl as possible. Something of this he condescendingly explained to her.

"A boy," exclaimed Nina, the old passion sounding in her voice. The long lost colour mantling her cheeks. "Never, I would die first."

The manager was not ill-pleased with this burst of passion from the quiet, calm stranger whom he had mentally concluded had not much in her.

"Say that again," he rejoined, shortly.

It was a cruel ploy for one so inexperienced, but Nina felt her fate hung on it. Recalling all the aversion that had seized her at his proposition, she turned to him with the same decisive words, and the same disdainful refusal.

She left the room, engaged for one month. She was to make her debut in the very piece her uncle had spoken of the night before; her salary was to be the same as the prompter's.

"At the month's end we shall see," were Mr. Gordon's mysterious words as she left his sanctum.

"Uncle," she said to Gabriel that day after their simple dinner, before setting out on her afternoon's round, "I have seen your Mr. Gordon, and I rather like him."

"Seen Mr. Gordon? Where Nina?"

She was no hand at evasion.

"At the New Theatre, and he has engaged me for Nina in the new piece."

"Nina, what made you go to him?"

"I have thought of it for months, uncle; long ago it was my dream to be an actress. We shall be rich and you'll be proud of me yet, uncle, and"—passing her hand carelessly through his scanty hair—"you are not going to be a prompter any more, I shall not hear of it. We shall be so rich you won't have to do anything but sit at home and tease Yowler, and see there's a good fire for me."

"I won't have this sacrifice, Nina, you do quite enough already."

"And haven't you done quite enough for seventy-three years, and haven't I been idle for nineteen. It is your turn to rest now and mine to work. Don't say a word, I will have it so and you shall tell Mr. Gordon to-morrow."

"We had better wait, my little girl, you may not

like the position you have so generously taken, or

"Or Mr. Gordon may dismiss me," interrupted Nina. "I think not. I believe in presentiments—you know I am superstitious. I shall succeed, I know I shall, and you'll tell him to-morrow he must find another prompter. You want the rest now, uncle, you can't afford to wait for it any longer."

"You will be repaid some day, Nina, for all your loving care of an old man whose last days you are making happier far than his youth."

"I don't want repaying; didn't you take care of me when I was too miserable to think for myself; haven't you been the best and kindest of uncles. I only want to feel that you are happy. Don't talk about last days, please, because I can't bear it."

He yielded. He always did yield to her will, and she only used her power over him in generous sacrifices.

The very next day they went both together to the New Theatre. She for her first rehearsal. He to tell the manager that he thought of quitting him.

"Have you come into a fortune?" asked Gordon, abruptly. He had begun to look on the old man as an inalienable fixture to the establishment.

"No; but I am seventy-three. I am getting almost too old for work. I had rather leave you now than that by-and-bye you should tell me to go."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Stay at home and rest. I believe that's all I'm fit for. I must take care of the little strength that's left me for my niece's sake."

"I did not know you had a niece."

"But she is here to-day. You engaged her for the part of Nina."

"Is that your niece? I should never have thought it. I remember now it struck me it was the same name; but young ladies now-a-days adopt the most un-English sounding appellations they can find, and I did not suppose it was anything but a nom de plume."

Mr. Gordon was well satisfied with the decision respecting the debutante. He had long ago discovered that a beautiful woman was no disadvantage to his theatre. If she could not act she could always be placed in some subordinate role so as to form a pleasant picture for the eye to rest on; but one or two rehearsals convinced him he would have no need to resort to this expedient with Miss D'Arcy; the company generally shared his belief; the gentlemen admired the fair stranger, and the ladies snubbed her, and denounced her as proud and unsociable, which conduct confessed her worthy of their jealousies. Miss Oriol, the leading star, especially condemned her, though it must be admitted poor Nina's greatest crime in her eyes was her most peculiar appearance, which might have been pardoned as a "natural defect," but it was never forgiven, and three days before the seventeenth of December, which was fixed for the first representation of the new drama, Mr. Gordon received a note enclosing a certificate signed by some friendly practitioner, to the effect that Miss Oriol was ill and would be unable to resume her professional engagements for at least a fortnight.

The manager was nearly frantic! Three days to find a heroine for his drama, a drama written expressly for Miss Oriol, whose role was the only one of powerful interest.

He spent an hour in lamenting his misfortunes, and heaping every unflattering epithet on their cause, then he rang his bell.

"Send Miss D'Arcy in to me when she comes."

In a few minutes the debutante appeared. The manager received her with far more than his ordinary politeness. He had just realised she was the only person to help him out of his dilemma.

"Miss D'Arcy," he said, at length, after displaying an unwonted interest in her own health and that of her uncle, "Miss Oriol is indisposed. You will be obliged to take her part."

Nina's large dark eyes opened wide in surprise. She took the command as no compliment to herself, for she knew well the manager would never have entrusted such a part to a novice if he could have helped it.

"Very well," she answered, calmly.

Mr. Gordon was astonished again. This girl seemed endowed with the power of surprising him. What nonchalance for a girl whom nobody knew, who literally had never been heard of to be honoured with such a part, and to answer "Very well."

"I shall call a special rehearsal for this afternoon. You will be word perfect by then. I will postpone that for this morning."

"Don't frighten yourself," he added, really imagining her silence arose from timidity. "No one expects you to equal Miss Oriol. A handsome apology will be made for you, and if you do your

best, you will be able to hold the part until she is recovered, and then you can return to Lina."

His words had stirred up all the ambition of Nina's nature. She resolved to outshine the favourite actress at any cost, but she only said, calmly:

"The call for this morning had better stand good, Mr. Gordon. I am word perfect now."

"Indeed," doubtfully. "Had you any idea of Miss Oriol's intentions—I mean illness."

"Not the slightest."

"I am very glad," said Gabriel, fondly, when he heard of the change. "Nina, I have never told you. I would not put the idea into your head, but I have often thought you were born for an actress."

"Why," she asked, nervously.

"Because every one of your actions is full of grace. You could not be awkward if you tried, and you have the gift of throwing yourself heart and soul into everything you undertake. You are too partial, and yet that is just how I feel sometimes, as though I were lost in the idea that occupies me, and forgot myself in it."

"Oh, uncle, how I long to know whether I shall succeed or not. I feel as though every moment were an hour, until I know my fate."

The old man was hardly less anxious, but he had not the impatience of youth.

"We shall soon see," he answered, soothingly. "In three days the die will be cast, success or failure."

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

PROPERTIES OF FUSIBLE ALLOYS.—Mr. Walter Spring has presented to the Academy of Sciences of Belgium a memoir on the dilatation and specific heat of fusible alloys, and their relations with the law of the capacity of heat of atoms of simple and compound bodies. This memoir, which has been accepted for publication by the Academy, is both of a theoretical and experimental nature. After reviewing the great works of Dulong, Petit, Regnanlt, Neumann, and others, the author remarks that thus far we have generally admitted that specific heats of bodies depend simply on the temperature, but that he thinks it more likely that they should depend upon two factors, viz., volume and temperature. After developing his views theoretically, he then, by an apparatus which may be considered as an improvement of that used by Kopp, made a series of new determinations, and shows that actually the variations of the specific heat of bodies do depend on their volumes, or rather on the variation of their volumes, with temperature; and closes with the suggestion that probably these variations in volumes depend upon the interior heat of the body which produces work among its molecules, an opinion which he promises to display in detail in a second memoir.

NEW SIZE FOR COTTONS.—Haitra is procured from China and Japan, and may be used for thickening colours and sizing all tissues. For use it is washed in water and is then boiled with sixty times its weight of water, in a closed vessel, at 65 deg. Fah. The paste thus obtained will keep, and adheres to the fibre so tenaciously that when once dry it cannot be removed with cold water.

NICKEL AND ITS PREPARATION.—Nickel is not an abundant metal, and although it occurs in a dozen different ores, the number of localities where it is found in paying quantities is very few. It is never found in a metallic state, except in meteorites. In ores, it is generally associated with iron and cobalt, both of which it resembles. The principal source of nickel is the native arsenide, a copper-coloured mineral, called by the Germans kupfer-nickel, or false copper, because it contains no copper. This ore contains from 33 to 55 per cent. of arsenic, 33 to 45 per cent. of nickel, and small quantities of sulphur, iron, and other substances. Another compound of nickel and arsenic has received the name of cloanthite or white nickel. Annabergite, or nickel bloom, is a compound of arsenic acid with oxide of nickel, quite soft and of an apple green colour. The most beautiful nickel mineral is the sulphide, or millerite. It has a brass yellow colour and metallic lustre, and usually occurs in capillary crystals, in the cavities and among the crystals of other minerals, hence called capillary pyrites.

LAYING THE FIRST CABLES OF THE EAST RIVER.—New York and Brooklyn are at last joined together. The bond is a frail one at present, being only two 3-inch wire ropes stretched from tower to tower of the future East River-bridge, but it is the beginning of the great superstructure, making the first step in the second portion of the enterprise, and the substantial

completion of the vast stone monuments which form the foundation for the whole. The two cables, each 3,600 feet long, were made fast near the Brooklyn anchorage, drawn up over the top of the pier, and then lowered to a scow, which carried the ends over to the New York side, the slack being paid into the river.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—The facility and precision with which photography represents luminous phenomena in their minute details renders this application of optics more and more important in the sciences of observation, and especially astronomy. But photography could not take a regular place in observatories unless the photographic apparatus had the same simplicity and theoretical perfection as the instruments used for current observations. M. Cornu states, in a note to the Paris Academy, that, having had occasion to study this problem in connection with the transit observations, and later at the request of the Council of the Paris Observatory, he has found a solution of it as complete as possible. The negatives he had to lay before the Academy would, he trusted, justify this opinion.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER XIX.

"SINDA will go alone if we are base enough to desert her," said Bathurst. "Come, come, Katharine, why do you frown like that? Sinda is nobody beside you. Who will look a second time at a nameless girl when Lady Katharine Elliot is near?"

Maya's face brightened. She was fond of flattery, and Bathurst habitually lavished it upon her.

"At any rate," she declared, with some violence, "Sinda shall never go to Belle Isle with me—never! I can prevent that, and I will! Once we arrive in England, she must drop off into her own proper obscurity."

Bathurst offered no argument, but recurred to the errand that had brought him to her presence.

"I came in to tell you that you have a visitor," he said. "Can you think who it is? A gentleman to see the Lady Katharine Elliot."

"Your father?"

Maya turned pale.

"Yes, my father. He is waiting for you in our common parlour. Shall I bring him to you, Lady Katharine?"

The girl glanced over the rich disorder around her, and at her own costume.

"No," she answered, with an effort. "I will dress and come to you. Is he much changed?"

"That I cannot answer. I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance thirteen years ago," laughed the young man. "He has probably aged somewhat, but no doubt you will recognise him. Put on the jewellery that was your mother's, Maya. He will recognise that, even if the years have changed you beyond his recognition."

The girl assented and rang her bell for a chambermaid to assist her toilet, and the young man returned to his father.

The pair had time to finish the discussion of all topics of mutual interest, and to grow decidedly impatient before Maya made her appearance.

But at last the rustle of silken drapery was heard and the click of tiny boots, and the door was opened and Maya came into the room.

It scarcely needed the exhibition of Agnes Elliot's jewels to confirm his belief in her identity.

"You look something as I expected to see you, Kate," he said, when they were seated side by side upon the sofa, and the girl was absolutely beaming with delight. "How very fair you are! Yet you were so as a child. Your father will be very proud of you, my dear."

"I wonder if I shall know papa as readily as I knew you, Uncle Bathurst?" said Maya. "I presume he has changed greatly since that awful night when Topee stole me from him. Poor papa! I am anxious to see him!" and she sighed.

The merchant made a long call, delighted with the girl, and finally took his leave, promising to send his carriage at an early hour to convey the young people to the Strand, and afterwards to his villa.

As he stepped into his vehicle and drove away, a great exultation filled his being.

"It's Elliot's daughter, sure enough!" he muttered. "I recognised her at once. What a pretty creature she is. I will take her to Agnes. Once the girl, so fair and beautiful, is clasped in her arms, Agnes will feel an impulse of gratitude to me that will be akin to love. But I must stop the girl's mouth, so that she will not mention her father's name to Agnes, or say that he lives. The problem

is a little difficult, but I can manage it. To-night pretty Kate Elliot shall be my prisoner!"

And exulting in his prospective triumph he was borne onward towards his home.

Maya looked from the window of the private parlour down into the street and upon the carriage of Thomas Bathurst, as it drove away from the hotel through the gloom and drizzle peculiar to so many days of the Indian "rainy-season."

The exultation of the Calcutta merchant seemed reflected in her fair, soft face. A sinister triumph gleamed in her light blue eyes. A deep and intense satisfaction appeared to pervade her being.

When the carriage had disappeared through the mist of rain, and she had cast her eyes upwards in search of a bit of blue sky and promise of fair weather, she drew a long, deep breath, and turned away, with the intention of returning to her own private apartments and the examination of her newly-purchased fineries. But Wolsley Bathurst, whose presence for the moment she had forgotten, stepped forward quickly, detaining her.

"I have something to say to you, Lady Katharine," he exclaimed. "Give me a few minutes, I beseech you. We shall have few opportunities henceforward, I fear, for private conversation."

Maya paused and turned about, with a wondering look in her half-closed eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, in the infantile way she often affected as harmonising with her baby prettiness. "How grave you look! What is the matter?"

"As if you did not know—as if you could not guess!" exclaimed the young man, reproachfully.

"Maya, what I am about to say to you cannot be entirely a surprise to you. You have known, you must have known, that I have loved you from the hour I saw you at the court of Khalsar. I admired you then as I admire you now. You seemed to me the most beautiful creature my eyes ever beheld—"

"More beautiful than Sinda?" asked Maya, with some display of that jealousy for the young Begum that had filled her soul for years, and which was still as active now as in the days of Sinda's power and prosperity.

"A thousand times more beautiful!" he declared, glibly, yet fearing that the audacity of the lie would precipitate ruin upon him. "You are to Sinda as the sun is to the moon, Maya!"

The girl's enormous capacity for absorbing flattery enabled her to accept this as her just due, even while she knew in her inmost soul, and angered at the knowledge, that she was far inferior in beauty, intellect and breeding to the deposed Begum. She smiled upon her admirer more warmly than usual.

"Speak to me Maya—Lady Katharine," cried young Bathurst, ardently. "Tell me that I do not love you in vain."

Maya's head drooped, and a faint blush stole into her fair, soft cheeks. Bathurst regarded that blush as an encouragement of his suit, and renewed his pleadings with greater ardour and hopefulness.

He assailed her with flatteries; he knelt to her and pleaded his great passion to her; and the girl listened, well pleased.

Her nature was essentially sly and crafty. She was as cunning as a serpent. Yet unused to the world, she was not versed in social distinctions, and Bathurst had urged upon her that he was noble, wealthy, the equal of any peer in England, and the heir to a title.

She had grown to regard him as an eligible suitor for even Lord Tregaron's daughter, and had seriously considered the idea of marrying him.

A woman has always a sort of tenderness for her first lover.

Maya had greatly admired Elliot, but Elliot, she had soon discovered, had only eyes and ears for Sinda.

Wounded by Elliot's disregard, and flattered that Bathurst should have fallen in love with her, and that he professed to consider her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld, she beamed upon him in a kindness and sweetness that was wholly unexpected to her suitor, and which filled him with new hopes of winning her.

"Will you be my wife, Lady Katharine?" he asked, softly. "I offer you a true and adoring heart, a proud name, a prospective title, and all the great wealth to which I shall fall heir. I am not an unfit match for even Lord Tregaron's daughter. Nothing would delight the earl more than to receive me, his favourite kinsman, as his son-in-law."

"Are you his favourite kinsman?" the girl asked, quickly and doubtfully.

"Yes," replied Bathurst, not scrupling to add more falsehoods to those he had already told. "He loves me as if I were his son. I can tell you, Lady Katharine, that if you came to him as my wife he would greet you with double warmth and delight."

The girl was tempted to accept her suitor then and there, in her eagerness to prove to Sinda her attractiveness, and for other reasons best known to herself. But her worldly prudence made her hesitate.

"I do not wish to marry yet," she responded, frankly. "And won't bind myself until I have had a season in London."

Bathurst saw that, in spite of this assertion she was yet undecided, and he urged upon her his suit, telling her how dear he was to Lord Tregaron, and that he was the earl's heir, and various other fictions of similar import.

"But you told me once that Mr. Elliot was the heir to the earldom," said the girl, doubtfully.

"I told you so, true, but that was in a spirit of romance," asserted Bathurst, boldly. "I loved you then, and I desired to win your love for myself alone, in the character of a poor man. It was the earl's wish that I should marry his daughter. Nothing would make him happier than such an alliance. You must have some love of romance, Maya. Marry me here in Calcutta secretly, and when we arrive at Belle Isle we will proclaim our union, and be feted and honoured. How astonished Sinda and Elliot would be! How delighted the earl would be!"

Bathurst could not know how strongly some of his arguments appealed to the selfish, worldly heart of Maya. She had reasons, as we have intimated, that caused her to consider his proposition seriously.

"I will not decide now," she said, after some reflection. "We shall be in Calcutta three days. Give me till to-morrow to think the matter over."

Overjoyed that he was not rejected on the spot, Bathurst granted the delay she required, and Maya, with a thoughtful look on her face, retired to her own rooms.

She did not immediately resume her inspection of her new purchases. The proposal of Bathurst had become a serious problem to her. How should she reply to him on the morrow?

"I wish I knew what to do," she thought. "But I am not obliged to decide immediately. I have a whole day before me. I suppose I might do a great deal better than to marry Wolsey Bathurst—but then I might do worse. He is Lord Tregaron's—papa's—favourite, and if papa did not receive me cordially for my own sake, if he should happen to dislike me, as is just possible, of course, why, then, Wolsey Bathurst would be a shield to me and make my position secure."

In the midst of the deep meditation to which she gave herself up upon this question, Sinda and her Hindoo attendant returned to the hotel. A porter came after them laden with boxes.

Falla had sold an unset diamond belonging to her young mistress, and Sinda had purchased a complete yet simple outfit for herself and her nurse. Maya demanded to see her purchases, and after these had been duly exhibited the young ladies retired to their separate rooms for a siesta.

Elliot and Bathurst partook of "tiffin" together, the young ladies luncheon in their own special parlour.

The weather cleared before evening, and the sun shone in brief splendour. Maya improved the favourable opportunity by sending out further orders and obtaining certain additions to her new wardrobe. At the fashionable hour for the promenade, Mr. Bathurst's carriage was announced, and the young ladies were not fed.

Sinda was the first to make her appearance. She entered the common parlour, attired in European costume, her grand young beauty enhanced by her new and strange attire, her carriage unconsciously haughty, her step free and graceful, looking more than ever bewilderingly beautiful and lovely.

Her pale, creamy complexion, illumined by her blue-gray eyes, clear and limpid as some dusky, shadowed pool, and her sunny ripples of hair arranged in picturesque, modern fashion, were set off by her little, black lace hat starred with small, white flowers. She wore a long, black silk gown, and a white, embroidered polonaise, with ear-drops, necklace and bracelets of great, burning rubies.

She had not laid aside her girlish majesty with her Begum's robes, but carried herself as a young empress might have done, yet the smile on the tender and sensitive mouth, the warm light in the proud, sweet eyes, showed a nature, warm, impulsive, passionate and noble—a nature to win ardent worship and to hold hearts for ever.

Elliot came forth to meet her, his heart thrilling with delight and admiration, and Bathurst felt a keen pang of regret that Sinda could not have been the earl's daughter and an eligible match for himself.

Maya appeared an instant later. She wore her latest purchase, a dinner dress of pale blue silk, a pale blue hat, trimmed with white ostrich plumes and white kid gloves.

Her hair was fashionably arranged, and in her ears and upon her neck and bosom glittered ornaments of diamonds, being some of the jewels she had "borrowed" at Putpur on the day of her flight.

With her pink and white bloom, her arts of the toilet, the becoming colour of her dress, she looked unusually pretty, yet beside the radiant vision Sinda presented she was insipid, cold and lifeless—a pretty, waxen doll.

She seemed to have some suspicion of the fact, for she stared at the deposed Begum with angry eyes, noting her simple yet elegant costume, her lips curling in a supercilious smile that betokened her discontent with herself and with Sinda.

Wolsey Bathurst hastened to compliment Maya upon her appearance.

Under his flatteries, the girl began to recover her self-possession and self-complacency.

"One would not dream that Sinda and I were so unused to the European style of dress," she exclaimed. "We look as if 'to the manner born.' Are you ready, Sinda?"

Sinda assented, throwing over her shoulders an exquisitely fine and beautiful Indian shawl, the one she had brought with her from Putpur.

Maya was provided with an embroidered dollman, in which Sinda assisted her to invest herself, and the two young ladies signified their readiness for departure.

Before Elliot had time to reply, or to move forward, a knock sounded upon the door, and a servant entered, announcing that a native courier desired to see the Lady Katharine Elliot.

"Show him up!" said Maya, imperiously. "I will see him here!"

The servant withdrew.

Maya, full of curiosity, was wondering who the courier could be, and what he could want of her, when the door again opened and the servant ushered in a tall, gaunt Hindoo, clad in travel-stained garments, and looking as though he had travelled fast and far.

He bent in a low salaam before Maya, who had advanced and was the foremost person in the apartment.

"Who are you?" asked the girl, in the Hindoo language, the dialect of Khalsar. "What do you want of me?"

"I am come from Putpur, lady," replied the courier. "I am sent by Topee, the great high-chamberlain of the Rajah. I bring news from the court of Khalsar."

And he extended a square packet which was carefully enveloped in oiled silk. When he had removed the envelope, Maya, with some hesitation, received the packet at his hands.

Tearing apart its many seals, she discovered the packet to consist of a letter written upon a sort of vellum.

She hastened to peruse it, all the pink colour fading out of her cheeks. Having read it twice over in silence, the colour drifted back into her cheeks, her eyes sparkled, and a look of supreme satisfaction took possession of her features.

"It is a letter from Topee," she explained, turning to her companions. "He caused it to be written at his dictation by the scrivener of the palace. It contains important news. Mr. Elliot, be kind enough to give the courier a trifle and dismiss him. No answer is needed!"

Elliot did as requested.

The Hindoo retired, and Maya repurchased her letter.

"The revolution was entirely bloodless," she announced, "and entirely successful. Sinda's flight was made known before daybreak to the entire city. Troops were sent out in search for her, but they failed to come upon her track. The next morning the public crier proclaimed the Begum's flight and consequent abdication, and Wanssee's accession to the throne. No one contested his claims or even opposed them. Topee is enriched and promoted, and the Rajah and his supporters are in high feather."

"But why should Topee send a courier in hot haste after us with the news?" inquired Wolsey Bathurst.

"I have not told you all the letter contains," said Maya, referring to the sheet. "Topee says that he will pay a handsome sum of money, even to half their value, for Sinda's jewels, given and bequeathed to her personally by the queen. If Sinda accepts the offer, she must send him word by the courier and wait in Calcutta for Topee's arrival. I ventured to answer for you, Sinda, you see," she added, "when I said to the courier that no answer is needed."

"You were quite right, Maya," replied Sinda, gravely. "The jewels are my own personal property. I should not sell them to Topee on any terms."

"Topee goes on to say that the jewels are worth many fortunes," continued Maya. "It is on account of the jewels, indeed, that he dispatched this letter. The Rajah is also eager to possess them. They are not pleased that the great jewels of Khalsar should go out of the kingdom. And Topee says that the Begum will be of no account in her own country, and will not require them there. He says that he found her in a deserted barracks at Sawnpur, after the mutiny within the station was over, and the surviving English had taken to flight. She had evidently been forgotten in the hasty retreat, and was huddled close beside a dead woman—"

Sinda started.

"I?" she said. "I?"

"You!" declared Maya, pale again as any lily, and with an odd, defiant look in her eyes. "The woman was coarsely clad and wore no jewels. It was plain that she was a common soldier's wife. The child clung to her, calling her mother. One of the Sepoys with Topee would have slain the little girl, but Topee preserved her as a companion for the little Kate Elliot—me, you know! And Topee says," and Maya's eyes followed the lines, "that the child—yon, Sinda—was clad in some coarse, cotton fabric, her feet were bare, her light hair was cut short, and she wore tied about her neck a white cotton handkerchief, which for years afterwards remained in his possession. Upon the handkerchief was written in indelible letters a name which he copied and which he now causes to be transcribed here—a name—"

"What name?" cried Sinda, eagerly, as Maya paused to scan the letters carefully. "Let me see!"

Before she could start forward in her wild excitement, Maya resumed:

"The name of Rhoda Biggs! Rhoda Biggs!" she repeated. "That must have been your name, Sinda, or it was the name of your mother!"

Sinda repeated the name in a puzzled voice, growing pale as Maya, and having a frightened look in her dusky eyes.

"Can you not remember, Miss Sinda?" asked Elliot, gently. "You were seven years old at the time. Does the name sound familiar? Rhoda—Rhoda Biggs?"

The name uttered by his lips sounded musical and sweet. But Sinda shook her head, her lips quivering.

"I can't remember—I cannot!" she exclaimed. "I have no recollection of the barracks, nor of the woman, nor of the name, nor even of the revolt. It is all a blank to me before the day when Topee came to me, bringing Maya with him. I seem to have begun my life from that hour."

"Sawnpur was attacked by the Sepoys during the summer of '57," said Elliot, "and Miss Elliot was stolen from her father during the May preceding. Topee stated that he took his little captive to some friends of his own and left her there, subsequently enlisting in another Sepoy regiment at Sawnpur. It was then he found Miss Sinda. He took her to the house of a relative, and there she was long ill of fever. When she began to recover he returned to her, bringing Miss Elliot with him. Then, with the two children in his keeping, he began his wanderings. He went to the northward, as the Sepoys were getting the worst of the revolt, and there was a price upon his head. He escaped from the provinces under British control into Khalsar, an independent little kingdom, still under native rule. The rest you remember, Miss Sinda."

"Mr. Hudspeeth told me all this before, on Topee's confession to him," said Sinda, "and I have tried to remember; but my fever, that fatal fever, blotted out all memory of my earliest years. If I could only remember!"

"Why should you wish to remember, Sinda?" demanded Maya. "I would not have the memory of the dingy barracks, if I were in your place, nor of the common soldier father, nor of the coarsely-clad mother, who was probably one of the washerwomen of the regiment. I would not remember these for a fortune."

"But I would give all my jewels," cried Sinda, passionately, "to remember that common soldier father, and that washerwoman mother, if they were mine, my very own! The mother! the poor mother, in spite of toil and poverty, had a tender mother-soul. If I were sure, absolutely sure, that that name of Rhoda Biggs rightfully belonged to me, I would wear it as proudly as I once wore the Begum's crown of Khalsar!"

"But it is a very common, lower-class name, isn't it, Mr. Bathurst?" cried Maya, appealing to her suitor.

Bathurst assented, with some reluctance, and with a deprecating remark, and the hackneyed quotation:

"What's in a name?"

"I do not care whether the name be high-class or low-class," declared Sinda, "if it were mine I would wear it gladly."

"There can be no doubt that it is yours," said Maya.

"There is a doubt," said Elliot. "The handkerchief might have belonged to some other woman or child at the barracks. I beg Miss Sinda to be in no haste to assume the name. When we return to England proper investigation can be made."

"I will wait," said Sinda. "As that letter refers for the most part to me, Maya, and pertains to my history, give it to me."

Maya hesitated and read it over once more, but she had no pretence upon which to retain it, and reluctantly gave it into Sinda's hands.

The latter glanced it over. She saw that the contents were precisely as Maya had stated. The ostensible cause of the letter was Topee's desire to gain possession of Sinda's jewels, but Sinda could not avoid a suspicion that his desire to obtain her ornaments, genuine as it undoubtedly was, was not the only reason for his letter. It seemed to her that a deeper purpose lay under all his words, and that his purpose and his narration of her history had some subtle connection with each other.

But this suspicion she kept to herself.

She put the letter in her pocket, as Maya said:

"Topee rehearses your history, Sinda, in order to convince you that you are of low birth and have no need for jewels. I would not notice his letter, dear. And now, this important business concluded, we are ready for our drive."

They descended at once to the waiting carriage.

The Strand was thronged upon this evening, and the esplanade was a scene of gaiety and brightness.

After three or four days incessant rain this bright evening lured forth, it seemed, nearly the entire population. The river gleamed in the soft, fading day. Boats with queer sails moved lazily on the surface of the water. The quays were thronged with pedestrians, both native and foreign. Chariots, filled with family parties, or laden with gaily-dressed English ladies, or with Government officials, or high-caste natives, rolled along the drive, while horsemen and horsewomen in numbers added a picturesque look to the scene. Mr. Bathurst was not visible among the riders, and not one of the four in Elliot's party saw a face they recognised.

The demeanour of the two girls upon this occasion was strikingly unlike.

Maya was all life and vivacity, all curiosity, delighting to attract attention, full of exclamations, so that she drew a great deal of attention upon herself and her companions, which attention she construed into admiration.

Sinda, upon the contrary, exhibited that calm, high-bred repose which is considered in England a proof of highest culture. She was not devoid of interest in the objects that met her gaze: she was bright, girlish, and unaffected in her expressions of pleasure, but she used no gestures in public, she stared at no one, and exhibited no surprise at what was to her a strange and novel sight.

"There's blood there!" thought Elliot, who had an Englishman's faith in hereditary culture. "Sinda comes of no race of washerwomen and common soldiers. She springs from a line of cultured and noble gentlemen and gentlewomen—or the entire theory of transmission of qualities is false and foolish. There must be some mistake in the story of her origin! Can it be possible that Topee has lied to us? And if he has, what is his object? If he has, who is Sinda?"

CHAPTER XX.

The evening had fallen, and myriads of yellow stars glowed in the soft, azure sky, and the twitter of night-birds was heard in the plantations bordering the roadside, when, having traversed the Strand and Esplanade, the Bathurst carriage arrived at Garden Reach, and turned into the grounds of Ban-yan Villa.

The beautiful mansion was lighted in every part. The grounds were illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The great banyan tree, which gave its name to the villa, was like a vast cathedral lighted in every arched aisle and nook. The summer-houses, the pagoda-temple overhanging the river, the gardens, the fountains, all glowed in the radiance of the many parti-coloured lanterns.

The carriage stopped at the pavilion at one side of the dwelling, and its occupants alighted. The Calcutta merchant was in waiting to receive them, and, after the usual salutations, escorted them into the broad, marble-paved hall. The Hindoo house-keeper was in waiting here, and Mr. Bathurst con-

signed the young ladies to her care. She conducted them to a dressing-room, where they removed their hats and wraps, and then guided them to the great drawing-room, where the merchant, his son, and Arnaud Elliot awaited their appearance.

This drawing-room was a long and lofty room, with seven or eight windows opening from a wide veranda. Its floor was of inlaid woods in mosaic pattern, and costly Persian rugs dotted its surfaces. The furniture, gilded and sumptuous, yet suited to the climate, was luxurious in the extreme. A parlour fountain threw up a shower of perfumed spray that made the whole room deliciously fragrant. A grand piano was open, inviting use. Small tea-tables of gilt and lacquer-work, statuary upon pedestals, pictures and Indian cabinets, filled with odd specimens of ceramic ware, gave added luxury to the sumptuous apartment.

The gentlemen arose as the girls came in together. It was upon Sinda's lovely face that the merchant's eyes fixed themselves in a wondering and startled gaze, as soon as he had bidden Maya welcome. Sinda's wonderful beauty, her warm and glowing eyes, now like to deep pools of water in which the sun is shining, her cream-tinted complexion, her broad, low brow with its pale-gold ripples of hair, impressed him strangely. He noted every feature of her grand, young beauty, the alertness of her graceful figure, the air of girlish majesty, as if she had always worn a royal crown, the haughty sweetness of her manner, her exquisite gentleness, and even the details of her dress, which was rich yet simple, and was worn as if it had been a royal robe.

Maya flushed with jealousy as she observed the merchant's rapt gaze at Sinda, and hastened to introduce her friend as Miss Plain, the deposed Begum of Khalsar.

Mr. Bathurst bowed low, with something of Eastern servility.

"We call Sinda Miss Plain," observed Maya, as she seated herself upon a couch and the others sat down also: "but, of course, you understand, Mr. Bathurst, that that is not her real name. She chose it herself, not knowing, at the time, her real name, and she prefers to adhere to it now."

"You imply that she now knows her real name, Lady Katharine," said the merchant.

"She does," said Maya. "I received a letter from Topee by special courier this very evening, and in it he tells her history. Sinda's real name is Rhoda Biggs."

The merchant looked his surprise.

"It is, indeed!" asserted Maya, toying with her fan. "Her father was a soldier, a private soldier, at Sawnpur. And her mother was a washerwoman, or something of the sort. There is no need of false delicacy in telling the story. Sinda says that if such people were her parents, she shouldn't hesitate to own them. And as they are her parents, why, one needn't scruple to mention the matter."

The soft, fair face, the pretty infantine manner, the pleading eyes, robbed Maya's words of any appearance of malice. It appeared rather as if want of tact were one of her characteristics.

"Miss Plain does not quite accept Topee's story," said Elliot, his olive face flushing. "She will investigate it upon her arrival in England."

"It is probably true," remarked Mr. Bathurst, indifferently, "but I am not one of those who believe in caste, whether in England or India. Beauty," he added, gallantly, "is of more value than mere rank, for beauty often commands rank."

"Sinda has been a queen," observed Maya, "and then I was second to her, a sort of lady of honour. How odd it seems that our positions should be so thoroughly reversed! She has lost her kingdom, and I, as I may say, have come into mine. I am now the Lady Katharine Elliot, and Sinda is only Miss Biggs—Rhoda Biggs."

"Is that her real name?" asked the merchant.

"Yes. Sinda, dear, show Mr. Bathurst Topee's letter."

Maya spoke with a slight degree of patronage, and Sinda's cream-tinted face reddened slightly, and her manner was somewhat haughty as she complied.

The letter was examined and discussed, and Sinda returned it to her pocket as dinner was announced.

The merchant offered his arm to Maya. Elliot led off Sinda, and young Bathurst walked also by Sinda's side.

The dinner was a triumph of the merchant's cook. All the vaunted delicacies of the East Indian dinner-table were displayed. The display of silver and crystal painted china was something dazzling. The tall epergnes were loaded with flowers. A slender glass border ran around the table bearing a continuous ribbon of tropical bloom. The candelabras were filled with wax lights. A soft, scented breeze stole in from the gardens and the river. The fruits and wines were perfect, but the latter were patronised chiefly by their owner.

After dinner the party returned to the drawing-

room, where coffee was served. Mr. Bathurst showed himself an attentive host, exhibiting his cabinets of curiosities, portfolios of engravings, pieces of old china, and other valuables with considerable pride.

"Your house looks as if it had been prepared for the occupancy of a lady," said Wolsey Bathurst, when a favourable opportunity occurred to speak to his father without being overheard. "Few men would collect all this costly trumpery for their own pleasure; but women like such things, and I suppose you have fitted up your home for a lady's comfort. Is your marriage yet settled upon, sir?"

"Not yet," replied the merchant. "In fact, Wolsey, I have given over my project of marrying. I am too old a man to change my mode of life."

There was an insincerity in the speaker's tones which the listener instantly detected.

"I suppose that the lady declined the honour of an alliance with you, is it not so?" said Wolsey.

"Possibly," replied the merchant, briefly, turning away.

It was not Mr. Bathurst's design to proclaim his intended marriage. He had fitted up his house with a view to Mrs. Elliot's occupancy of it at some future time.

Should she consent to marry him, she would not be allowed to see society, and she would exchange her ball-and-chain, and her lonely mountain prison, for the wider liberty and the brighter bars of this splendid mansion, which would be no less a prison than the other.

But this Mrs. Elliot could not suspect. She had been told that her husband was dead, proofs of his death had been shown her, and she had never experienced a doubt of the story.

But her enemy, knowing Captain Elliot lived in Lord Tregaron, feared that if she were seen in Calcutta she might be recognised by someone who had formerly known her, and might hear the truth. His marriage with her could not be binding upon her in such case; therefore, if he won her he must keep her from society, a bird in a cage, which, however it might be gilded, would be none the less a cage.

He had decided to disavow all thoughts of marriage, to throw even his son off the scent in regard to his intended marriage; and then, when Agnes Elliot became his wife, he could either represent her as an invalid, or himself as unmarried, whichever might seem to him the safer and wiser plan.

The young people gathered about the piano. Sinda and Maya were strangers to the instrument, but the former had a love for music amounting to a passion and indicating genius. Elliot, who was also fond of music, sat down at the piano and played a brilliant bit from an opera.

Mr. Bathurst seized the opportunity to slip out of the drawing-room unobserved into the hall and thence into the garden.

He halted in the shadow of an unlighted tree and emitted a low whistle.

The whistle was answered by the appearance of Puntab, the treacherous Hindoo, who had schemed to carry away the Earl's heiress and who had failed in his attempt.

"Puntab," said his master, in a shrill whisper, "the carriage will be ordered at twelve o'clock. I told you to take captive only the Lady Katharine Elliot. I order you now to seize both the girls—both, you understand?"

"Both?" repeated Puntab, bewildered.

"Both?" declared the merchant, emphatically. "This Begum is a puzzle to me. I must have her in my charge also. Remember!"

He hastened back to the drawing-room, from which his absence had not been noticed.

The dinner had been served at half-past eight, and coffee had been brought into the drawing-room at ten. Pictures and music and conversation easily occupied the two following hours, and the clock chimed the hour of twelve, startling the two young ladies, who had not imagined it so late, and who requested the carriage to be ordered to convey them to the hotel.

Mr. Bathurst obeyed with alacrity.

He escorted his guests to the pavilion, and assisted the young ladies into the chariot. He declared that he should call upon them in the morning at their hotel, and invited the little party to dine with him again upon the following day. The two young gentlemen entered the vehicle, and the coachman drove out of the grounds and into the public road at a leisurely gait.

"We have had a delightful evening!" said Maya. "I foresee that I shall be charmed with English society and modes of life!"

"The sky is overcast with clouds!" remarked Elliot. "It is likely to rain again before we can get to the hotel!"

"I did not notice the carriage lamps," said Wolsey Bathurst. "They are not lighted, and the night has grown very dark. If it were not so late, I should so

"afraid we should run over someone, or have a collision with some other vehicle."

They had not gone many rods when the carriage stopped abruptly. The two young gentlemen put their heads out of the windows to see what had happened.

They beheld a man standing in the roadway. Had the night been lighter, or had the man been less closely muffled, they would have recognised in him Puntab, the traitor, whom they had expelled from their company upon their last night before reaching Gwalpore.

But they did not recognise him. They heard him ask for a ride beside the coachman, and did not remember his voice, which he had rendered husky and unnatural.

His request was granted, and Puntab mounted beside the driver, and the carriage rolled on.

About a mile further on, the vehicle halted again. The coachman dismounted this time, and was heard muttering and breathing imprecations. The two young gentlemen demanded what had happened.

"The axle-tree is broken, sir," said the coachman, approaching the window by which Elliot sat, "and one of the traces has pulled out. How it is to be fixed I don't know."

Elliot at once alighted to examine into the supposed accident, and suggest a remedy. The night was very dark, and a light rain was falling. The carriage-lamps were not lighted, and it was impossible to ascertain what amount of injury had been sustained.

"I've got a box of vestas," said Wolsey Bathurst, clambering out to the ground. "Let's strike a light—"

The carriage door slammed violently shut as if blown by a gust of wind.

As if startled by the sound, the horses gave a bound forward and sped away into the darkness at a gallop, dragging the carriage after them, with the two girls in it.

No one saw that Puntab held the reins in a firm grip, and that he was urging the horses to yet wilder speed.

Elliot and Bathurst, the coachman beside them, stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot, stricken with horror, then they set forward at a run in the direction the carriage had taken.

(To be Continued.)

MUSICAL SAND.

MR. FRINK states, in the "Proceedings of the California Academy of Sciences," that, in order to ascertain, if possible, "the cause of the sound that is produced by the sand from Kauai, presented to the Academy at a former meeting, I investigated its structure under the microscope, and I think the facts I have ascertained fully explain the manner in which the sound is produced.

As the grains of sand, although small, are quite opaque, it was necessary to prepare them so that they should be sufficiently transparent to render their structure visible. This was effected by fastening them to a glass slide and grinding them down until one flat surface was obtained. This surface was then attached to another slide; and the original slide being removed, the sand was again ground down until sufficiently transparent.

The grains were found to be chiefly composed of small portions of coral and apparently calcareous sponges, and presented under the microscope a most interesting object. They were all more or less perforated with small holes, in some instances forming tubes, but mostly terminating in blind cavities, which were frequently enlarged in the interior of the grains, communicating with the surface by a small opening.

A few foraminifera were also met with, and two or three specimens of what appeared to be a minute bivalve shell. Besides these elements, evidently derived from living beings, the sand contained small black particles, which the microscope showed to be formed principally of crystals of angite, pepheline, and magnetic oxide of iron, imbedded in a glassy matrix. These were undoubtedly volcanic sands.

The structure of these grains, I think, explains the reason why sound is emitted when they are set in motion. The friction against each other causes vibrations in their substance, and consequently in the sides of the cavities they contain; and these vibrations being communicated to the air in the cavities, under the most favourable conditions for producing sound, the result is the loud noise which is caused when any large mass of sand is set in motion.

We have, in fact, millions upon millions of resonant cavities, each giving out sound which may well swell up to resemble a peal of thunder, with which

it has been compared; and the comparison—I know from others who have heard it—is not exaggerated.

The effect of rain in preventing the sound is owing to the cavities in the sand becoming filled with water, and thus rendered incapable of originating vibrations."

LOVE, OR MONEY?

"Of course I have not married him because I was in love with him," said May Harriott, with a light laugh.

She was sitting in a gold-and-iron-coloured boudoir, hung with silken draperies, and carpeted in pale gray Aubusson, bordered with scarlet. The windows were full of flowering plants—an exquisite statue of Hebe occupied a marble pedestal in the middle of the room, and the panels of the walls filled in with mirrors, reflected the young bride's every motion a score of times.

Mrs. Harriott was dressed in a Watteau wrapper of rose-coloured silk, which fell around her in pink clouds—pale Neapolitan corals, carved so delicately that a magnifying-glass would not have put them to the blush, hung from her delicate ears, and clasped the folds of tulle at her throat—diamonds glittered on her fingers, and the tiny handkerchief peeping from her pocket was edged with lace that would have made a princess's ransom! And May's face, all lilies and roses, with the glory of gold hair floating away from it, was a jewel well worth all this expensive setting.

Flora Field, her old schoolmate, sat opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendour, and wondering that May Haven, who taught in the same district-school as herself, was not more elated by her sudden promotion.

"Well, then," said she, "why did you marry him?"

"Because I was poor and he was rich. Because I was tired of teaching, and he offered me all this!"

And May glanced around upon the luxuries that surrounded her.

"Nobody could be foolish enough to suppose it was a love-match," she said. "He's over so much older than I am, and not at all my ideal! But I couldn't drudge on for ever at my profession, and I think I've made a lucky exchange."

"May, you are a heartless coquette!" cried out Flora Field.

"No, I am not," said May, with a shake of the lovely golden curls. "You would do just the same thing yourself, Flora Field, if you had a chance, you know you would."

And as May laughed out a sweet, defiant chime, she did not know that her silly words had had another auditor than Flora Field—that the door leading into the rich banker's study was ajar, and that he had heard every syllable she spoke.

It was quite true that Frederick Harriott was not a young man. He had passed the Rubicon of middle age before he had allowed himself to fall in love and marry—and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender, in that the wood was mellowed by age! He had looked on May Haven as little less than an angel, and now—

"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with ashen-pale face, and trembling limbs. "I should have divined that spring and autumn were unsuited. So—she has married me for my money!"

"May," he said, that evening, "I have tickets for the opera to-night. Would you like to go?"

"No, I don't think I care about it," said May, listlessly.

"Then we will remain at home, and I will read you that new poem," suggested the husband.

"I am tired of poetry," pettishly retorted May.

"I do wish you would leave me to enjoy myself my own way once in a while!"

"Do I bore you, May?" Frederick Harriott asked, with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

"Awfully! I'm just in the midst of this delightful story, and I can't bear to be interrupted."

"Very well. The offence shall not be repeated," said Mr. Harriott, quietly.

After that a subtle and sudden change came over his whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but May felt that all the heart and soul were gone out of the little courtesies, the scrupulously rendered attentions.

For a while she rather liked it. It was a relief to feel that his eyes were not always on her, his thoughts

following her. She could go where she pleased now and he asked no questions. She could employ her time to suit herself, and he had neither criticism nor comment to offer. But gradually she began to realise that she had lost something which was not easily to be replaced.

May Harriott had regarded her husband's love as one of the fixed polar facts of her existence. And a cold chill crept over her heart when she fully perceived that it was somehow slipping away from her.

"Frederick," she said one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you?"

He glanced carelessly up from his book.

"Offended me, May? Why, what a ridiculous idea. Of course you haven't offended me?"

"I—I thought your manner was somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One can't keep on the honeymoon gloss for ever," said the banker, indifferently.

Life is full of antitheses; and love is the strangest complexity in life. For, as May Harriott grew strengthened in the idea that her husband was ceasing to adore her after the old idolatrous fashion, she began to fall in love with the one she had married for money.

Frederick Harriott was not young, but he was in the prime of middle age. He was not boyishly handsome like the wax heads May had seen in the barber's show windows, but he had the port and mien of a prince. All women are prone to hero-worship, and our little May was no exception to the ordinary rule. For the first time in her life she was falling in love—and with her own husband.

A few weeks only had elapsed, when a crisis in the banking business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Harriott should go to Vienna for two or three months. Poor May looked aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her, in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticised the weather.

"Going to Vienna!" she gasped. "Oh, Frederick!"

"My dear child, it is a mere bagatelle of a journey! One doesn't mind travel now-a-days. I shall not be later than November in returning."

"But—may I go with you?"

"You? My dear, don't think of it. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to think of encumbering myself with a lady companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed."

May said nothing more, but there was a blur before her eyes, a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which had been dear to him once. Oh! what had she done to forfeit the love that had once been poured out so fondly on her life?

It was a rainy July twilight when the banker, wrapped in a dreadnought coat, and with his travelling-cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Galatea, heedless of all the tumult of weighing anchor. Through the misty dusk he tried vainly to catch the ghostly outlines of city spires—the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself, bitterly. "She has her mother and sister with her. She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence will teach her to think less coldly of me. Dear little May—sweet spring blossom—my prayers may reach you, if my love cannot."

And Frederick Harriott went below.

To his infinite surprise, the state-room he had engaged for his own behalf and use was not empty. A lady sat there, with veiled face and drooping head. Frederick Harriott paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and, throwing aside its veil, revealed the blue starry eyes and pale cheeks of May herself!

"Oh, Frederick, pardon me!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms; "but I could not let you go alone? I love you, Frederick. I cannot live without you! When I thought of your being alone, perhaps ill, in a strange land, I thought I should lose my senses! Dear husband, tell me that you are not angry with me?"

And she burst into a flood of tears.

"My own May—my wife—my love! Close, close to my heart for evermore."

And that was all he said!

May Haven had married for money! May Harriott had learned the secret of Love! A. R.



[DUTY VERSUS PLEASURE.]

A WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

"I MUST say, Eleanor, that I think you are standing very much in your own light."

And the speaker, Gresham Harding, turned his back to the clear anthracite fire which burned in the polished grate, and which the cool air of an October evening made very welcome, and looked his obdurate niece full in the face.

Or meant to. In point of fact, Eleanor had turned her profile towards him, so that after all he did not gain the view of her features which he desired.

He had really a little curiosity to see how she looked, because he did not feel quite sure that he understood her exact motive in refusing the very liberal offer which he had just made her, and Eleanor's face had many tell-tale shades of expression. But at the present it might have been the profile of a marble image which met his gaze.

He simply saw a slender, plainly-dressed young woman, twenty-five or thereabouts, with a pale face and dark hair, and features delicate and clearly cut as a cameo, yet portraying strength, eyes just now cast down and veiled with long dark lashes, and lips—the only trace of colour about her—scarlet as ripe cherries. Her hands were clasped a little dejectedly in her lap, and her whole attitude was that of calm though rather sad decision.

"It seems so useless a sacrifice," her uncle went on to say. "Randolph will never thank you for it. Indeed, if you knew him as well as I do, you would regard it as something worse than folly on your part; and, on the other hand, your aunt really needs you. I must say that I regard your course as the height both of folly and ingratitude."

A swift flush mounted to Eleanor's brow, and died as quickly away.

"Yes, uncle," she said, "I have no doubt it seems to you very inexplicable. All the same, my course is very clear to me, and I must follow it."

At this moment a bell rang sharply, and a little later a servant entered to say that Mrs. Harding desired to see her husband. That was the signal for Eleanor to leave.

"I must go now, uncle," she said. "Forgive me if I have seemed ungrateful. Perhaps some day you will understand my motives better, or perhaps you never will; I do not know; but at any rate I do trust that you will believe that I do appreciate your goodness, and should be glad to avail myself of it."

She reached out her hand, and seizing the one he rather reluctantly offered to her, pressed it to her lips.

It was a very unusual act for Eleanor, and there was that in it which brought tears to her uncle's eyes.

"Eleanor," he said, "you are a strange girl. I wish your brother was more worthy of you, and I hope you may not live to repent your devotion to him."

"That is impossible," said Eleanor, "whatever happens. I may, and very likely shall, suffer somewhat for this decision, but it is impossible that I should ever repent it."

She had put on her bonnet and shawl.

"Shall I send a servant with you?" her uncle asked.

"No, thank you. It is early yet, and I am not in the least afraid. Good-bye, uncle. Make my adieu to my aunt, and say how sorry I am that I cannot meet her wishes, and how sincere are my hopes that she may return entirely restored by her year of travel."

"Eleanor, I wish I had a daughter, and she were just like you."

She looked up and smiled then for the first time during the interview, and in the smile revealed more

of the pain and bitterness which were gnawing at her heart than a flood of tears could have told.

"I, too, wish you had a daughter," she said. "She would be sure to be a great deal better and more worthy of your love than I am. But Heaven has willed your fortune as well as mine, dear uncle, and we must each bear our lot."

She left him then, and he went upstairs to his wife's apartment.

Mrs. Gresham Harding was an invalid, not always confined to her room, or even her house, yet never well enough to take the place in society which her ambition or her husband's desire would have indicated. She had led a melancholy life. Her one child had died just as he attained his majority, and her life, not before too cheerful, had been since that clouded and gloomy. Now, by the advice of her physicians, she was going abroad. It was necessary that she should have a female companion, and her husband had chosen for her his niece; and she herself, though she cherished little love for Eleanor, had acquiesced in the choice—had, indeed, rather set her heart upon the plan. When, therefore, her husband entered her room after his interview with Eleanor, her first question was:

"Well, what did she say at last? You were able to make her listen to reason, no doubt?"

"If you mean by that that I was able to win her consent to our desires, you are mistaken. She positively refuses to go abroad with us."

"And all on account of that worthless brother of hers?"

"Yes, that was her reason."

"Not the true one, you may depend upon it. There is some lover in the case."

And Mrs. Gresham Harding shut her pale, thin lips together in a manner that was not agreeable to see.

"I can't imagine whom."

"No, Eleanor would never betray herself. She is deep as a well. I like girls to be frank. It is more natural and safer."

"We have never found Eleanor deceitful, nor untrustworthy."

"There is nothing left, I suppose, but to take Miss Lardner," said Mrs. Harding, as if unwilling to discuss Eleanor's perfections.

"I judge that is the best we can do, under the circumstances."

"And she will keep me in hot water all the time. Duke will be with us a great deal, necessarily, and she will be perpetually striving to entangle him in some flirtation."

"I shouldn't worry about Duke," said Mr. Harding, drily. "He is old enough, and, I judge, quite wise enough to take care of himself."

"No doubt of that, but then the very sight of her airs and manoeuvres will set me wild."

"But you must have some one, and I suppose Miss Lardner will be better than an ordinary maid. Vallette will go also, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, and Vallette is a treasure in her way. I could not do without her, but then there will be a thousand times when Vallette could not properly be with me, and with these dreadful fainting turns liable to come on at any moment, I cannot risk being one moment alone."

"And Miss Lardner is quite a lady in her manners, and rather desirable company. Not as good as Eleanor, of course, but then I really think the best you can do under the circumstances."

"I suppose so, but it is very provoking in Eleanor. Such opportunities as it would give her, too. I don't see how she can be so perverse."

Mr. Harding said nothing, and Mrs. Harding turned over on her pillow and closed her eyes.

Meantime Eleanor had gone straight to her lodgings.

The fixed and marble-like look of her face had not once softened till she reached her own room and had taken off her bonnet and shawl.

Then she sat down in the little sewing-chair which stood at her bed's head, and clasping her hands in her lap, looked into the fireless grate, as one who sees afar.

There came no tears into her eyes, but the shadow of a dumb and hopeless grief spread itself over her countenance, till, if her uncle could have seen it, it would have touched him with a deeper sorrow than he had ever known for her.

They lived in lodgings, she and her brother Randolph.

Three neat and cheerful rooms, plainly furnished indeed, yet made tasteful and homelike by Eleanor's skilful touch.

Randolph Harding was Eleanor's twin brother. Perhaps on that account the tie between them was stronger than ordinary.

At least so Eleanor thought.

Yet Randolph had certainly manifested his sense of the fact in but one way, and that was by making

heavier and more frequent demands upon Eleanor's affection than any, even the tenderness of sisters, ought to have been expected to honour.

The whole of their small patrimony—for they were orphans—she had given up to him at the outset, and he had spent it long ago.

She laboured steadily and to the extent of her strength, and her earnings went to the joint support of both, Randolph having long ago found out how difficult it was for a gentleman to earn money enough by any genteel labour to supply all his wants. At first he had been only idle, but of late years he had grown vicious as well, and whatever money he could lay hold of went to support habits of drinking and gaming, and other kindred vices.

To do him justice, he seldom applied to Eleanor for more than a temporary loan of money, but he lived at her table and slept in the apartments she provided, and so was in reality a heavy charge upon her; since her rooms were twice as expensive as they would have been but for him, and her fare more than twice as luxurious.

When Randolph first began to take to evil courses, his uncle had a far surer knowledge of the fact than Eleanor possessed, and he had striven to induce his niece to leave him and accept a home with himself and her aunt.

He knew very well that such a life would not consort with Eleanor's ideas of independence, but he did think that under the circumstances it would be much better for her than to bear the burden which her brother was sure to thrust upon her.

But Eleanor would not for a moment listen to the proposition.

She had not been wholly frank with her uncle. It would have been of no use.

She had simply said:

"My aunt and I can be very good friends if we remain a little apart. We could never get on together in the same house."

"But surely your aunt is no harder to bear with than Randolph?"

"Uncle, Randolph is my own flesh and blood. That is the difference."

And that had settled it.

And now, for the second time, Mr. Harding had made a serious proposition to his niece, to give up her brother—that is, to leave off supporting him, and to accept a home with him, and a daughter's share of his affections.

And he would have been honestly glad and gratified if she had accepted the proposition.

But she had not done so, and she felt that in refusing it she had cut herself off from the possibility of ever accepting help from him, whatever her need might be.

She had not so many friends that she could bear the loss of even one with equanimity. But that was not the worst which had befallen her.

As she sat at her bedside in that cheerless, fireless room her thoughts went back to certain seasons in her childhood, while her parents were still living, which she had spent at her uncle's house.

They were mostly weeks of summer, which she had passed at his country seat up the river.

That was during the lifetime of her cousin Regie, and always during his vacations his companion had been Marmaduke Felton, a nephew of Mrs. Harding.

Duke Felton was two years Eleanor's senior, and during those summer weeks they had passed many pleasant hours together.

Duke was a fine lad of sixteen, and Eleanor had never known so agreeable a companion.

Years passed, and Eleanor became an orphan.

Reginald Harding died, and Gresham Harding, without formally adopting Marmaduke, still bestowed many favours upon him.

Having completed his college course, he was sent abroad at his uncle's expense to study in Germany, and there he still remained.

He had been upon the point of coming home when his aunt had been ordered abroad by her physicians, and had therefore delayed his return, intending to spend the coming year in travel with his uncle and aunt.

Many years had passed since Eleanor had seen Duke Felton, and she had not been without lovers in the time; yet, in spite of all, it seemed to her that one of the brightest joys of this proposed journey would have been that it would have been made in company with her old friend.

But while she sat there meditating, she heard footsteps in the little sitting-room adjoining, and knew that her brother had returned.

Hastily smoothing her hair, and striving to look cheerful and composed, she went out into the parlour to meet him.

It was a pleasant room, in spite of its plainness.

The furniture was well-worn, and there were no

curtains at the windows, but the southern sun shone in at midday, and Eleanor's artistic taste had so disposed a few choice engravings and parian figures that, together with her piano, which stood across one corner, and at which she was used to give lessons, they gave the little room quite an air of elegance.

But this evening it somehow had a dim and shabby look in her eyes.

Perhaps all the more so, that in the midst of it stood her tall and elegant-looking brother, for however he gained the means, Randolph Harding always dressed himself like a gentleman.

To-night there was a frown upon his handsome brow, and his features were contracted with an expression which it was not pleasant to behold.

"Good-evening," said Eleanor, as she turned up the gas which had been burning low in the drop-light on the centre-table; "I am glad to see you at home."

"Thanks," said Randolph, coldly, "but I doubt if you have reason to be glad. I've come home in a confoundedly black humour."

"What is that?" asked Eleanor quietly. "Has anything gone wrong with you?"

"Yes, decidedly wrong. In fact, nothing has gone right. I am dead broke, and in debt to my eyes besides. If you were half the sister you have always pretended to be, you would help me out of it."

"Why, Randolph," she said, "when have I ever refused you?"

"Oh, I know you always throw up to me the paltry fact of my having a room here and a seat at the table, as if that was anything but a bore to a fellow like me. But there is Uncle Gresham, with thousands more than he knows what to do with, and if you pleased you might get me the fingering of a pile of them."

"Randolph," she answered, a little severely, "why do you not commend yourself to Uncle Gresham's favour, and win from him the help you need upon your own merits?"

"Don't begin to lecture a fellow, now, in heaven's name. You know how set he is in his prejudice against me, but I am not blind. I know that if you would give up this hovel of a place, and go and live with him, you might wheedle any amount of money out of him."

Eleanor's heart almost stopped its beating. Was this the brother for whom she had just made a sacrifice that had half cost her her life?

Never before had she seen him when he had forgotten that he was born a gentleman.

And she knew at once, not only that he was beside himself with liquor, but that his companions during the period of his absence had been of the vilest sort.

"Randolph," she said, "you are not yourself, or you would not speak to me in this manner. I am very willing to work for you, but my father's daughter will never stoop to beg."

"But it is not begging, I tell you," he answered, hotly. "Who has the best right to Uncle Gresham's money, I, his brother's son, or that pooney Marmaduke Felton, who is only the nephew of his wife?—a woman who never brought him a penny, but upon whom he has lavished money as if she were a princess. I tell you the way he has treated me is no less than downright robbery. But he has law upon his side, and there is no way to get my rights but by stratagem. And if you were a sister worth having, you would manage it for me."

Eleanor was very pale. She was hard pressed, and she answered her brother as she had never done before.

"Randolph," she said, "it is your own fault if your uncle has dealt hardly with you. If he were to give you two thousand pounds to-day, where do you suppose it would be in a year's time?"

"That is nobody's business but my own," he thundered. "I tell you the money is mine, and I will have it, by fair means if I can, but have it I will, at any rate."

Eleanor began to grow apprehensive, but she did not falter.

"Here comes Jeannette with tea," she answered. "Sit down and take a cup, and you will feel better."

He dropped moodily into a chair, and reached out an unsteady hand for the cup which she poured.

Eleanor's brain was working rapidly. For an instant she had queried whether her duty might not be to try, by all means, to interest her uncle in Randolph, and so, if possible, win him back to an orderly and reputable life.

But those last violent words had shown her the folly of such a hope, and she trembled inwardly with the thought of what he might be left to do.

"I suppose you know," she said, at length, "that uncle and aunt are going abroad?"

"No," he said, a little startled. "Is that so? When do they start?"

"Next week."

"Whatever is done, then, must be done quickly. Who goes with them?"

"Valletta, my aunt's maid, and Miss Lardner."

"Why do you not try for the chance to go in Miss Lardner's place?"

"I do not think I could fill Miss Lardner's place," she answered, evasively.

"Pshaw! what nonsense!" he replied, impatiently.

"I used to think you a sensible girl, but lately you act like an idiot."

She said nothing, but sipped her tea in silence.

"It would suit me particularly," he went on, "if you would take this trip with them. But that I suppose, is the very reason why you could never be induced to do it."

"Why do you particularly wish?" she inquired.

"I should think it would be of all things the very one you would desire," he said. "You could get double prices for your painting and music lessons when you come back, and every way it would be a gain to you."

Eleanor began to be thoroughly frightened. When her brother argued things from the standpoint of her interest, he must have strong reasons for wishing to conceal his motives.

"Randolph," she said, very directly, yet with a certain deep sincerity in her voice, "Randolph, I do not like to leave you. I fear you are on the road to trouble, and that, before very long, you may need even such assistance as I can give you."

His face grew fiendish in its sneering scorn.

"You help me!" he said. "Well, I admit you might in one way, and only one. If I were to get into serious trouble, and I admit it is not impossible that I may, I should prefer that you were at my uncle's side to plead my cause, instead of that sneak Duke Felton, who sees in my ruin the surest road to his own fortune. Go abroad with Uncle Gresham, and I shall know that whatever happens, you are not only out of my road here, but are ready to plead my cause in an influential quarter."

"Randolph," she said, "that is impossible, and I entreat you not to urge it farther. I promised our mother, in her dying hour, that I would never leave you, and I never shall."

"Eosh! sentiment!" he exclaimed, angrily, rising and putting on his overcoat. "Very well, then, I will leave you. I swear to you that you shall never see my face again inside these walls. I warn you that I am desperate. I know not what deeds I shall do, but whatever guilt I may incur, the stain of it will be upon your hands, unless you take the means I have pointed out to you to get me free of this entanglement."

"Randolph," she cried, "do not leave me to-night. Stay here till morning. Then your brain will be clearer, and we can talk this matter over."

But he heeded not her words. Before she had ceased speaking he had shut the door behind him with a crash, and was plunging headlong down into the street.

It seemed to Eleanor that her cup of sorrow was full, and she lay down upon the bed and moaned in a tearless grief.

She passed a sleepless night, but before the morning dawned she had reached a resolution.

After her solitary cup of coffee, she put on her bonnet, and set out for her uncle's house.

She was doubtful if she should find him there. At the same time it seemed to her impossible to see him in his own house, and so incur the risk of meeting her aunt.

Fortunately chance favoured her, and she was able to obtain a private interview with her uncle.

He was somewhat surprised to see her, and his first thought was that she had come to revoke her former decision; but a second glance at her sorrowful face awoke an apprehension.

"Why, Eleanor," he said, "are you in trouble?"

"Yes," she said, "trouble so deep that I should share it with no one, but that it seems my duty to put you on your guard, lest you also may become involved in it."

He listened attentively as she went on to describe the stormy visit of Randolph to his home on the previous evening.

"And what do you imagine are his designs?" he asked, at length; "that is, if he has any beyond frightening you?"

"Perhaps—oh, uncle, how can I say it?—perhaps he meant to obtain money by the fraudulent use of your name."

"A shrewd guess," said Mr. Harding, slowly.

"And I thought I ought to put you on your guard. And, dear uncle, if he should resort to any such desperate means, and should fail through my intervention, will you not remember that he is your brother's child, and deal leniently with him?"

"Dear girl," said her uncle, "you make it seem more and more impossible to go away and leave you in the power of a man so desperate. I fear, Eleanor,

that I have not always done my duty by you and Randolph. Perhaps it is now too late to make amends. But if I promise him immunity, so far as I am concerned, from the fruits of any possible misdeed, will you not give him up, and go with us? There is time yet to revoke your decision."

"Uncle," she said, "do not ask me again. Randolph is my brother; the tie between us is of more than ordinary strength. I cannot leave him. But will not you promise me to shield him, so far as may be in your power, from the consequences of his guilt, if indeed our suspicions should prove correct?"

"Eleanor, for your sake, I will do more than that. If it is possible, I will see him before I leave, and try to dissuade him from his present evil courses. I shall of course say nothing about our present suspicions, but will represent to him that I still feel the tie of nature which exists between us, and cannot leave the country with a quiet mind without one more effort to save him. I will offer him occupation, money for his present needs, anything which I can do for him, if only he will consent to abandon his present companions, and betake himself to a course of honest living. It seems as though he ought to accept such an offer, and if he does, with you by his side to aid and encourage him, he will have no excuse if he does not reform. And yet, dear child, I entreat you do not base too many or too bright hopes upon the experiment. I know better than you do the power of evil habits, and I very much fear that all our labours will be in vain."

Eleanor's face was aglow with joy.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "how can I thank you enough! I know you are wiser than I, but Randolph has good impulses, and I cannot think but that if he is relieved of his present distress, he will do better in the future than he has done in the past."

They parted then, and Eleanor went home with a heart lightened of an infinite load.

That very evening Randolph came home again. Eleanor felt certain, as soon as he entered the room, that he had seen her uncle.

"Ah!" she said, cheerfully, "you are in better spirits than you were yesterday. Has anything happened?"

"Yes," he said, with a stolid sort of satisfaction; "yes; and I think you know something about it. Did you go to Uncle Gresham and ask him to do something for me?"

She was silent, but looked so happy that it was not difficult to interpret her silence.

"Oh, you needn't say anything about it, if you don't choose. It don't amount to so very much, after all."

"Did he offer you employment?" she asked.

"Yes, a trumpery clerkship. Hard work and poor pay. I shall not take it, of course."

"Oh, Randolph," she said, "don't tell me that. If you would only let uncle see that you really desire to do something for yourself, he would do everything in reason for you. I am sure."

"Well, I can do better any day than take the situation he offered. And since I have a little money in hand, I think I'll try my luck. £200 isn't much, but many a fellow has laid the foundation of a fortune with a less amount."

"Oh, Randolph, did he give you £200?"

"He did, and I've won another £200 with it since," and he took out a handful of coin and a roll of notes, and counted them over upon the table.

"My luck has come," he said, "and before many days I'll be rich. Then, sis, you shall have whatever you want."

"Oh, Randolph, dear," groaned Eleanor, "do not make me repent that I ever said a word in your behalf. Do use the money uncle gave you to pay your debts—you told me you were in debt—and then go to work in some honest, legitimate way, and build up a character first, and then the fortune will come, and come to stay. You know very well how such money goes as is gained at the gaming-table."

"It's just as good money as any body gets," he said, sullenly. It buys just as much. If you can only get it, that's the pinch, and now I am in luck I'd be a fool to throw away the chances. But give me some supper, Ellie; I'm confoundedly hungry."

And this was the end of all Eleanor's bright dreams.

(To be Concluded next week.)

READERS AND LISTENERS.

In one of his most amusing sketches of character the late Laman Blanchard described "the man who will read to you," and expressed the agonies resulting from prolonged listening to an inveterate and indefatigable lecturer.

With something of the exaggeration that is the privilege of humour the essayist has defined and re-

corded a general feeling. No doubt the man who is capable of producing at any moment a manuscript from his pocket, and constraining the first friend or acquaintance he may chance to meet to lend an unwilling ear to his epic or his tragedy, is regarded with repugnance.

It is felt that he is asking too much, that he has no real claim to so large a share of our time and attention, that he is, in truth, a bore of very considerable magnitude, who must be escaped from at all costs.

If a thing has to be read we prefer to read it ourselves. It becomes more intelligible to us, and more interesting, when we can hold it in our own hands, and con its lines with our own eyes. The poet Gray, whose idea of true bliss was repose upon a sofa and a supply of "eternal new novels," would surely have shrunk from the notion of these being read to him.

Who could desire the constant shadow of a third person upon the page—the coming of a reader between oneself and one's author? It would be a breach of confidence, an influence very disastrous to the imaginative faculty, most chilling to enthusiasm. We could soar with the author to his Euphrates, but the reader holds us back to earth.

If the novelist or the poet is able to "carry away" his readers, it can only be one at a time. And how can proper regard be paid to the master of a book when its reader's manner needs must preoccupy our attention.

FACETIÆ.

A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION.

LYING abed these warm mornings, there is a peculiar charm to a man in hearing his wife discuss domestic matters through a window in the next room with the woman in the next house. His wife's voice comes to him sharp and shrill, but the neighbour's voice he does not hear at all. This throws a soft glamour over the subject under consideration.

We give below a sample of these seasons. The "pauses" marked in the dialogue are supposed to represent what the woman next door believes, although not a sound of her voice comes to him. His wife's tones are loud enough to be heard a mile, he imagines.

He is in a drowse when her voice comes to him, and fetches him back to life, like this:

WIFE: "I always put in two cupsful."

A pause.

WIFE: "Oh, yes."

A pause.

WIFE: "No saleratus?"

A pause.

WIFE: "Why, I don't see how she does it."

A pause.

WIFE: "I should think it would be."

A pause.

WIFE: "She did."

A pause.

WIFE: "Well, I never."

A pause.

WIFE: "You don't say so."

A pause.

WIFE: "Well, I declare."

If there should happen to be an elderly lady in the house—say an aunt, or mother, or somebody of that kind—sitting in another room, who hears the voice, but doesn't exactly understand what is up, and is led thereby to ask some question of the talker, who cannot hear her, of course, having her head out of the window, an additional charm is lent to the occasion. The new voice occupies the pauses, in part filling and again running over them, which relieves the dialogue of much of its tedium, but scarcely contributes to its clearness.

A pause (in which a new voice breaks out):

"What are you going to have for dinner?"

WIFE: "When did she go there?"

NEW VOICE: "What's that?"

WIFE: "They wouldn't."

NEW VOICE: "I asked you what you were—"

WIFE: "My goodness."

NEW VOICE: "I can't hear a word you say."

WIFE: "Well, I never heard anything like that in my life."

NEW VOICE (aside): "What is the matter with her? (Then aloud): Why don't you speak up so I can—"

WIFE: "Well, we don't know who to trust in these times."

NEW VOICE (very shrill): "Why, what's the matter with your voice?"

WIFE: "No, not till to-morrow afternoon."

NEW VOICE (groaning): "Oh, mercy."

At this juncture the man feels as if his head was passing through a clothes-wringer, and he bounds out of bed in pure self-defence.

IN A HURRY.

AN alderman was rather puzzled recently by a call from a stranger, who had a carpet-bag in each hand and a malicious look in his eyes. He let the carpet-bag drop, wiped his forehead, and wanted to know if the man before him was an alderman.

"I am," was the reply.

"Perfectly responsible, I s'pose?" was the query.

"I suppose I am."

"Well, sir," continued the stranger, "someone hit me on the neck with a stone."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir, he did; and I estimate the damage at five pounds."

"I am very sorry," remarked the alderman. "It is no way to use a stranger to hit him on the neck."

"Of course it isn't, but I don't care for your soft words—I want my five pounds."

"Why, I have nothing to do with it. I didn't hit you."

"I know you didn't, but you help run this town, don't you? Someone must be responsible. I am not the kind of man to be hit on the neck and go right along without saying a word."

"I tell you what to do," said the alderman, after a little reflection: "you go to the Mayor and get an order on me for the money and I'll pay it."

"That's angelic and all right," said the man, and hurriedly departed.

AFRAID OF BEES.

As they saw the bees passing themselves around familiarly, the lady uttered, in a timid voice:

"Good gracious! we can never go by there."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated her lord and master; "don't be foolish. Bees never molest anyone that does not molest them. They are perfectly harmless if you let them alone. All you need is a little nerve; when they come buzzing about you, walk right along, and don't so much as make a motion toward them, even if they should light on your face. Come on, now, if you haven't nerve, just look at me and see how simple it is."

HE PREFERRED WATER.

A TRAMP, while on his travels, noticed a placard in front of a bar-room; it bore the pleasing legend, "Free lunch," and he went in, walked unostentatiously up to a plate, and commenced operations with a sandwich; then the barkeeper walked up to him, and said:

"Men who eat here are expected to pay for a drink."

"I know it," said the tramp.

"Well, then, why don't you conform to the rules?"

"Cause I go in for health, and don't drink till I'm done eating."

The barkeeper turned his back for a moment, and the tramp put three sandwiches into his coat-pocket, and devoured four; then he walked up to the bar, and to the dispenser of stimulants huskily whispered:

"Gimme a glass o' water, will ye?"

"What! water after four sandwiches?" bellowed the barkeeper, angrily.

"Yes'r, water," replied the tramp. "I've been a-drinking o' it nigh on to forty years, and it's just the healthiest stuff a-goin'."

And he hobbled out.

BEWARE OF FALSE TEETH WITH GUTTA-PERCHA FIXINGS.

MASTER ALEC (who is fond of dogs): "There's no mistake about your being thoroughbred, Major Bumblebee!"

MAJOR BUMBLEBEE (not displeased): "And how did you find that out, my boy?"

MASTER ALEC: "Why, 'cause you've got a black roof to your mouth!" —Punch.

SPRING SPORTS.

WE have all heard of a "Spring Chicken," but the "Spring Hare" unless, indeed, he be some relation to the proverbial lunatic appearing in March—is something quite new. An innkeeper at Hendon has started one. It is caused by greyhounds; and for the spectators, betters, and backers there is all the excitement of the real thing, with the additional charm of novelty. What an admirable invention for the delicate sentimentality of this rose-water age!

But why stop at Hares apparent—but unreal? Why not, with the aid of some of the leading "property-men" from the theatres and toy mechanicians, and a few other ingenious persons, develop the idea into something really big?

We begin with a trifle light as Hare: we may end with the noble Deer in Scotland, or even the Elephant in India.

At all events, from the Hare to the Fox is a small step.

TESTAMENTARY OBLIGATIONS.

GUTTA LITTLE GIRL (who has heard conversations

between her parents of the like import): "Uncle, have you made your will?"

UNCLE (startled): "Eh?"

CUTE LITTLE GIRL: "'Cause I hope you haven't forgotten my dolls!" —Punch.

A FRESH START.

FIRST SWELL: "Well, Charlie, how jolly blue you look, what's the matter?"

SECOND DITTO: "Bad news, old fellow; my aunt, who is ninety-two next birthday, is going to live at Hygeiaopolis another ninety-two perhaps; and here I've been looking out for her money for the last ten years!" —Fun.

ROOTY-TOO!

A GARDENER of our acquaintance has suffered so much from rheumatism and plum-bago, that melancholia has ensued. Appleless man! his life has disappeared! —Fun.

FRIENDLY ATTENTION.

LOVING HUSBAND: "Matilda Ann, though I love you most dear, bein' newly married you may not know my 'abits; so I do 'ope another time when you sees me talkin' to a strange genelman at the corner of the street, you won't slap him in the eye so 'ard!"

FOND WIFE: "Lawks, 'Enery, I wouldn't a-took such a liberty if I'd known 'e were strange. I thought 'e ware a friend o' yours!"

"WINES FROM THE WOOD."—Yes, and not unfrequently from the Log of it. —Fun.

"MIXED COMPANY."

Scene.—The Ball-room of a fashionable Sea-side Hotel.

LADY GODIVA HIGHINKS (to her partner, during a pause in the waltz): "A—I can't help thinking I've met you before!"

THE PARTNER: "Yes, my lady, many's the pair of white satin shoes I've had the pleasure of fittin' on your ladyship at our 'ouse in the Burlington Arcade! And"—(sinking his voice to a fascinating whisper)—"I must say that a more exquisite foot than yours, my lady, I never yet 'eld in my 'and!" —Punch.

OUR RESERVES.

CAPTAIN DERONDA (of the Volunteers): "By your left—close!"

COMIC PRIVATE (aside—to his left-hand man): "Not to-day, thank! 'Disposed o' mine last week to Moss and Abrahams!"

CAPTAIN DERONDA (sternly): "I hear talking in the ranks there!" —Punch.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

INASMUCH as the National Assembly of Sages met this year at Glasgow, it is wonderful that nobody has written thence to say that the Brightish Association (so called) was nae that bright.

A rather dull gathering was, however, towards the close of its session, enlivened with a paper by Professor Barrett, embracing the subjects of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, whereon ensued a discussion between the Professor himself and others, including Lord Rayleigh, Mr. Crookes, Miss Becker, Mr. A. Russell Wallace, and Dr. Carpenter, and ending with an altercation about veracity misunderstood to have been impugned, sparking with a brisk interchange of the reiterated assertion and denial, "I didn't" and "You did."

Who that remembers stock paragraphs in newspapers respecting witchcraft and fortune-telling, or ghost-stories, headed "Superstition in the Nineteenth Century," ever dreamt of living to see philosophers, physiologists, and naturalists in a great Council of Science debating the reality of supernatural manifestations?

Are there such things as they dispute about, or have they eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? And in either case are they prepared seriously to consider the question whether it is possible in the nature of things for an old woman to fly over the roof (say) of the Royal Institution on a broomstick? What else would that be, levity apart, than "levitation." —Punch.

STATISTICS.

LOCAL TAXATION.—The local taxation returns for England and Wales for the year 1874-5 have been issued. It is the fifth annual return of the local taxation, the particulars for which have been collected and published under the supervision of the Local Government Board. The sum levied in England during 1874-5 by local taxation, properly so called, was:—Levied by rates falling on rateable property, £21,952,753; levied by tolls, dues, and

rents, falling on traffic, £4,180,645; levied by dues falling on consumable articles, £332,855. The sums derived from Imperial taxation, which during the year were granted in aid of local taxation, amounted to £1,511,018, namely:—To rates, £1,506,370; tolls, dues, and rents, £4,648; total, £1,511,018. These sums, however, were short of the aggregate grants voted by Parliament, and paid over to the local authorities during the financial year 1874-5, and which amounted to £1,771,841. The difference arises chiefly from the circumstance of the Government taking upon itself many charges in relief of local taxes which do not appear in the annual returns made to the Board. The sums raised by loans or derived from other sources, exclusive of Treasury grants, during the year in further aid of each branch of the local taxes are stated below in respect of—rates, £10,079,269 loans, and £3,404,760 other receipts; tolls, dues, and rents, £1,931,510 loans, and £218,873 other receipts; duties, £500. The valuation of the property on which the rates are incident amounted during the year 1874-5 to £140,651,435 in gross estimated rental, and to £119,017,815 in rateable value.

THE IVY AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

(A Russian Fable.—Translated from the French of A. Rigaud.)

An Ivy twined around a stake,
And, thus sustained, was wont to take,
From her high place, a scornful view
Of a young tree that near her grew.
"Observe that puny little oak!"
So to the Stake the Ivy spoke,
"When, at my leisure, I compare
This sapling, with its rustic air,
And paltry show of leaf and branch,
With you—so tall, and smooth, and
staunch—

I can but wonder why 'tis here,
Allowed to vegetate so near
Your royal Highness! On my word,
Such things to me seem quite absurd!"
The Gardener saw the Stake, one day,
And said, "This thing is in the way;
And surely it is good for naught!"
And so, obedient to the thought,
He cut it down. Upon the ground
Thenceforth the parasite was found,—
Where, grovelling on the earth, alone,
She lived unfriended and alone.
But when, at last the tiny tree
Had grown a sturdy Oak to be,
With branches spreading far and wide,
And roots that winter's storm defied,—
The Ivy from her humble bed
Would often raise her feeble head,
And praise the Oak in words as strong
As when the Stake was all her song!

MORAL.

Thus flatterers of the human race
Change ever with the change of case;
The poor and lowly they despise,
But worship those who chance to rise!

L. G. S.

GEMS.

PATIENCE is a sublime virtue. The truest heroism in human life is that private heroism which bears with calmness inevitable ills, regardless of the consolations of a fruitless sympathy, and without the soothing consciousness of public attention.

It is strange that man, born to suffering, and often writhing beneath it, should wantonly inflict it on his fellows.

In their intercourse with the world, people should not take words as so much genuine coin of standard metal, but merely as counters that people play with.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty.

If a few civil words will render a man happy, he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him. Let another man light his candle by your own, and yours loses none of its brilliancy by what his gains.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy the sacred name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

Carlyle says that each man carries under his coat

a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

Life is a constant struggle for riches, which we must soon leave behind. They seem given to us, as the nurse gives a plaything to a child, to amuse it until it falls asleep.

People who habitually fall short in small duties, little attentions, minor politenesses, never see their failing, for it is not so much from a bad heart or a surly temper that this defect comes as from want of early training.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

POOR MAN'S GINGERBREAD.—One tablespoon of butter, one cup of molasses, one small teaspoon of soda, two of cream tartar, two of ginger, one cup of water, and two and two-thirds of flour. Good, and worth trying.

RICE CAKE.—Take three-quarters of a pound of ground rice, a quarter of a pound of crushed rice, one pound of powdered lump sugar, the whites of twelve and the yolks of ten eggs, beaten separately for a quarter of an hour, mix well together, and flavour with either twenty-four drops of essence of ratifia, or vanilla, or fresh-grated lemon. Bake in a buttered tin half an hour.

A GOOD DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold, add one tablespoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. Add one wineglassful of the solution to half a pint of tepid water and use it daily. It preserves and beautifies the teeth, and arrests decay.

STARCH.—To prepare starch, mix one-half pint starch with one-half pint cold water, and add three quarts of boiling water, stirring until smooth.

HOMB SODA WATER.—Four three pints of boiling water on three pounds of white sugar and allow it to stand until cool. Then add the whites of three eggs well beaten, two ounces of tartaric acid, and one ounce essence of wintergreen. Take two table-spoonsful of this liquid in a tumbler and fill it two-thirds full of water, then add one-half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and stir it up until it foams.

LIMA BEANS.—Lima beans require from half an hour to three quarters to boil. They should be boiled in as little water as possible, to preserve their flavour. As soon as they are soft, take them out, drain them in a colander, and season with butter, pepper and salt; pour them in a pan to be seasoned, as the butter would run through the colander. Add salt to the water they are boiled in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.—A line of railway 120 miles in length was recently opened between Cape Town and Worcester, South Africa. The road is an extension of the Cape Town and Wellington Railway, purchased by the government some years ago, and is part broad and part narrow gauge. It is intended eventually to make the whole line of the latter description. Railway work in other parts of the colony is being vigorously prosecuted; 65 miles of road are nearly complete on the eastern line from Port Elizabeth, 60 miles on the border line, from East London, will be ready by the end of the year, and a similar distance on the Midland line will shortly be finished.

THE "Duke's Motto" under its new title of the "Duke's Device," will be the opening piece at the Olympic on the 30th instant. Mr. Henry Neville in the leading rôle.

MR. BROCKMANN, so long favourably known at the Alexandra Palace, has opened the (Duke's) Holborn Theatre, as a new circus, with his trained elephants, monkeys, dogs and ponies.

MR. C. S. CHILTNAM's new comedy will be produced at the Strand Theatre at the close of Mr. J. S. Clarke's engagement.

A NEW drama called "The Fighting 41st" has just been successfully brought to the front at the Britannia Theatre. Messrs. Jackson, Reynolds, Lewis, Reeve, Rhoads, Parry, and Miles. Brewer, Adams, Rayner and Mrs. Newham.

MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON has changed her name to Latrobe. Mr. Charles of that ilk having persuaded her to do so, the lady publicly consented on Tuesday at St. Matthew's Church, Oakley Square.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M.—Dreams are generally caused by derangement of the digestive functions. We can only advise you to be more watchful over the stomach.

LEE—In the first place a young lady ought not to accept the portrait of a gentleman, or any other present, unless they be engaged; but if she has done so she ought not to present her portrait in return. If the gentleman's attentions have since diminished towards her it is all the greater reason to suppose that he had no serious intention at the time he gave his portrait, and it would perhaps be as well for her to think of the best means of returning it.

LOUIS—Julius Caesar, in his youth, set the fashion of wearing earrings, which had before that time been confined to females and to slaves, who were chiefly distinguished in that manner from freemen. The custom once introduced continued to be general among young men of family until the time of Alexander Severus, who, adhering closely to a manly simplicity of dress, abolished this effeminate foppery. Earrings have at various periods been fashionable in France with gentlemen, even so late as the revolution, when the wearing of golden rings was prohibited.

HARRY P., who is poor, and yet loves as fervently as though he were rich, is much troubled by the hard times. He asks: "Do you think it would be right for a couple who love one another devotedly, but who are poor, to marry in these hard times? I earn fair wages and so does my intended, but if we marry our expenses will be doubled, and then there is no telling what misfortunes might happen besides." It would certainly be safe for a person who takes such views of life not to marry. The gist of the difficulty is in taking it for granted that it must necessarily cost double to support a wedded pair. The rule ought to work the other way. A real, loving, sensible married couple ought to live on less than it cost them to live singly. But the trouble is that they are usually too vain and foolish to act sensibly, and so they sacrifice comfort to appearance. A poor married couple, who would resolutely set to work to live for themselves and not for their acquaintances, could get on comfortably with a small income and constantly save something besides. For real sensible people, who care more for substance than for show, and who are willing to make present sacrifices for their future good, the times are never too hard to marry.

DEBORAH—We can give you no receipt by means of which you can prevent your hair from turning grey. You can dye the grey hair if you please, but you cannot hinder it from growing grey if it so inclined. 2. You can make a tooth-powder by mixing a little camphor with some prepared chalk. The quantities are two drachms of camphor to six ounces of prepared chalk. Moisten the camphor with a little whiskey, reduce it to a fine powder, and then mix it and the chalk well together.

ELLEN—In the tenth century there was a prevalent, nay, almost universal idea, that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters began with the words, "As the world is now drawing to its close." An army marching under the Emperor Otto I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the Millennium, it died away when the seasons proceeded to the eleventh century with their usual regularity.

ELIZA—Eyebrows which are too close together give the countenance a sullen and morose appearance; our modern belles accordingly take the greatest pains to destroy the hair at the top of the nose, whereas the Roman ladies strove to imitate it by art when it had been refused by Nature. The eyelashes are decidedly the most important ornament of the face. It is no less strange than true, however, that European beauties are quite inattentive to the growth of their eyelashes; though in Circassia, Georgia, Persia and Hindoostan it is one of the first objects of a mother's care to promote the growth of her children's eyelashes.

E. B.—If no payment on account of any debt has been made for a period of six years the further liability of the suretyholder becomes null and void under the circumstances mentioned.

HARRIET—Dismiss the acendrel as speedily as possible. What! solicit an elopement after your father and mother have consented to the match? His purpose is obvious, for you stand on the edge of a precipice. Make

your parents acquainted with the cruel and dastardly proposition.

F. H.—The mignonette, in floral language, expresses the pretty sentiment—"your qualities surpass your charms." It is in full bloom from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn.

POLLY P.—To be engaged to one gentleman and walk out of doors repeatedly with another is very wrong. Such conduct is a flagrant violation of the confidence and decency of courtship.

BILL—It is the duty of an inferior to bow to his superior without waiting for the latter to recognise him.

POST—Your friend is bashful. He is so sensible of the power of female charms that he prudently admires them at a distance. Men of his temperament, when they do fall in love, become horribly exacting and jealous. Like volcanoes they blaze out when least expected. Don't be alarmed—he is no woman-hater.

LOUIS M.—Having given the young man encouragement you are not to cast him off like an old shoe. Address to him a mild womanly letter, for the purpose of showing to him that your early girlish impression has quite disappeared. As you cannot reciprocate his affection be firm and explicit, but kind. In these cases girls will allow the men they don't like—or say they don't like—to dangle at their heels, and then when the poor young fellows, thus slightly encouraged, persevere, they are complained of as bores and disagreeable. Girls should not be too kittenish with young men.

MARY and EMILIA, sisters, wish to correspond with two gentlemen who are loving and fond of home. Mary is twenty-five, tall, and of a loving disposition. Emilia is also tall, rather dark, twenty, and considered good-looking.

BELLA and LENA, two friends, wish to correspond with two dark young gentlemen. Bella is seventeen, fair, and of a loving disposition. Lena is fifteen, dark, and of a loving disposition. Respondents must be steady and very loving.

MY "OLD MAN."

Only one is left, you see,
Not so young as he might be,
Yet he's all the world to me.

Heaven bless him, my old man;
Straight and comely—spick and span,
Find his equal if you can.

Since the young have left the nest,
Some still living—some at rest—
Is each other we are blest.

We, a fond and foolish pair,
Leave behind a world of care,
Looking forth toward manna's fair.

Doting on my good man so,
Seemeth like the long ago,
Though our heads are white as snow.

Seemeth like our wedding blest,
Ere a babe laid on my breast—
When we loved each other best.

Ours, my friends, was union true,
Strong enough to last all through,
Whether skies were black or blue.

Memories cluster round us thick
As my knitting needles click,
And he leans upon his stick.

Heaven bless him! my old man—
Constant since our loves began;
And his equal if you can.

M. A. K.

ANNIE and SARAH, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men, both tall and dark. Annie is rather short, seventeen, dark hair, dark grey eyes, of a loving disposition, and fond of music and singing. Sarah is medium height, eighteen, dark hair, dark brown eyes, and fond of society. Tradesmen preferred.

LILY and ROSA, sisters, would like to meet with two respectable young men. Tradesmen or mechanics preferred. Lily is twenty-five, rather fair, blue eyes, of stylish appearance, is fond of business and domestic life, and would make a loving wife. Rose is twenty-one, fair hair, blue eyes, domesticated and of a loving disposition. Lily would prefer one about twenty-eight, tall and dark, who would appreciate his home. Rose would like one about twenty-four, dark complexion, and good tempered.

LOUISA and KATE wish to correspond with two young gentlemen of medium height, either dark or fair. Business of no object. Louisa is seventeen, fair and of medium height. Kate is also seventeen, fair, and of medium height.

A. F., thirty, dark, medium height, fairly educated, musical, of respectable family, and earns a small income, wishes to correspond with a nice looking young lady about twenty-five, of similar attainments.

JAMIE, thirty-two, widower, with one little daughter, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young lady, who must be fond of home and have some money.

MAY and ALISON wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. May is twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, is of loving disposition and medium height. Alison is twenty, dark brown hair, blue eyes, medium height and good-tempered. Would prefer a dark gentleman from twenty to twenty-five.

SEMAPHORE, signalman, twenty-four, auburn hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady—dark fond of home and music.

STRIKE (a bugler in the Royal Navy) nineteen, auburn hair, hazel eyes, wishes to correspond with a young lady about seventeen—fond of home and children.

WILLIAM SHIPPER—twenty-one, a seaman in the Royal

Navy, wishes to correspond with a young lady between sixteen and twenty; fond of home and children.

STEAM RAM—twenty-two, dark, would like to correspond with a young widow about the same age with a view to matrimony. Must be fond of home and children.

ANNIE—seventeen, tall and dark brown hair, blue eyes of a loving disposition, would like to correspond and exchange cards with a young gentleman. Would like him to be tall and dark, and who smokes.

EMMA and NELL wish to correspond with two young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Emma twenty-four, medium height and loving disposition. Nell twenty-six, tall and fair; loving disposition. Respondents must be tall and in good positions.

STARLIGHT and DROPTOP (friends) desire to correspond with two fair gentlemen of medium height, Starlight twenty; Droptop seventeen. Both tall and dark, and of loving dispositions.

STANLEY OUTWANT, a seaman in the Royal Navy Barrack, twenty-six, tall, fair, hazel eyes and good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady from twenty to twenty-four. She must be fond of home, music, dancing and children, and domesticated.

JOHN HALIFAX, Gent, twenty-seven, tall, fair, hazel eyes, considered by all his room-mates good looking, a member of the Medical Branch, with good prospects in view, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, fond of music, singing and dancing, and of a loving disposition.

SEATON BLOCK wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young lady, with a view to matrimony. He is twenty-three, is 5ft. 10in. in height, dark curly hair, is considered handsome by all his shipmates, and has a little money.

CUR SPRICK, twenty-three, 5ft. 10in., dark curly hair, considered good looking by all his shipmates, and has a little money, would like to correspond with a tall, dark young lady, with a view to matrimony.

RONALD McDONALD, a seaman in the Royal Navy, of a fresh, fair complexion, medium height, age twenty, wishes to correspond with a good looking young lady about nineteen, of a loving disposition, residing in Bridgeton. His relatives are in well-to-do circumstances.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

BILL LUFF is responded to by—Fair Nellie, nineteen, tall and fair.

MARK by—Etherealida, tall, dark, considered good looking, thoroughly domesticated; would make a loving wife.

M. C. A. by—Hetta, a tradesman's daughter, dark eyes and hair; considered very pretty. Would like to receive his photo.

HARRADA by—Laughing Minnie, tall and fair, age twenty, and would do all she could to make a home comfortable.

ROVER by—Happy Laura, twenty-one, tall, passable in looks, would like to receive carte-de-visite.

SARAH by—Fred J. P., twenty-one, 5ft. 7in. in height, fair, and of a loving disposition, with fair income, and would like to receive her carte-de-visite.

D. by—A., eighteen, fair complexion, considered very handsome. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

B. by—P., eighteen, fair complexion, considered very handsome. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite.

J. H. A. by—Dorothy, thirty-four. Has no money or expectations. Tall and rather dark.

GALLANT MARY by—Alice, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, age twenty.

SKIRAIL by—Nelly, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, age twenty.

DITTY BOX by—Darling Jenny, twenty-one, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music.

DITTY BAG by—Winning Sally, nineteen, tall, light hair and hazel eyes, domesticated, fond of dancing and music.

EVOLUD by—Lizzetta, twenty, medium height, black hair, dark blue eyes, and considered pretty. Has a loving disposition, and fond of home and music. Would like to exchange carte-de-visite, and thinks she is all he requires.

ALICE by—J. E., tall, dark, and considered good looking.

POLLY by—W. C. O., tall, dark, and considered good looking.

J. H. A. by—S. C., thirty-six, a widow with two children. She has a good trade, and her children depend on her. She is very lonely, and would be a good wife to a steady man.

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